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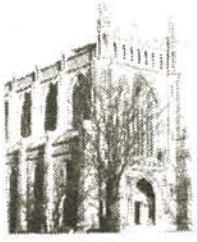

education issue

ROBERT KIELY, J. CLAUDE EVANS, J. A. APPLEYARD,
FRANCIS X. MURPHY, BERNARD MURCHLAND

SISYPHUS CORRUPTION, CONSCIENCE AND GOVE
ABIGAIL McCARTHY 'THE MOON WAS SHINING S
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MICHAEL MURRAY TELEVISION'S NOSTALGIA BI
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REVIEWS: TODD GITLIN, PAUL RAMSEY, JEFFREY ME

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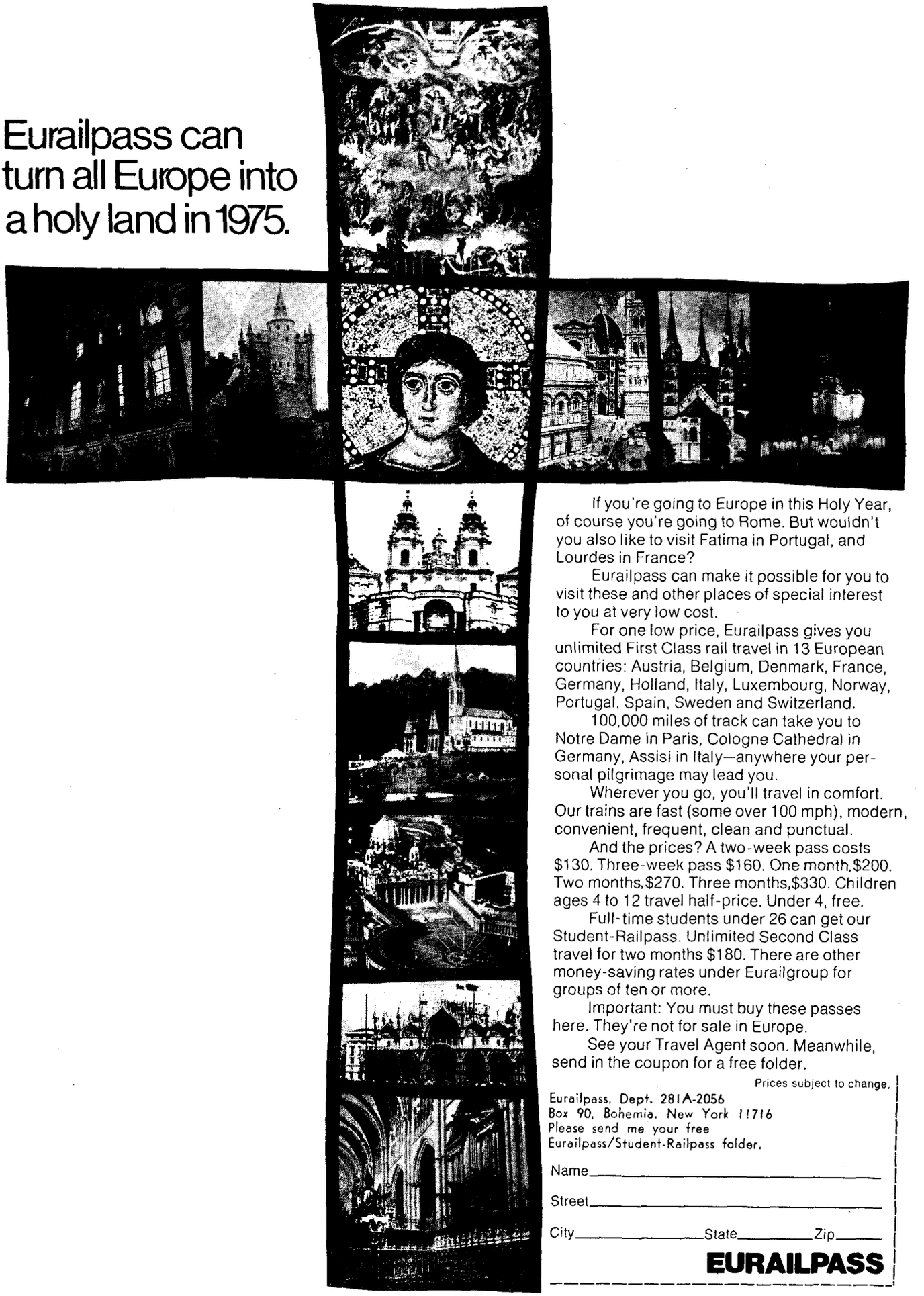

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NEWS & VIEWS

Back to Book-Banning?

The Index may be suppressed, but book-banning is still part of the Vatican impulse. So one concludes after reading a report by Baden Hickman in the *Manchester Guardian*.

According to Hickman, the Vatican has ordered the withdrawal and destruction of a book on population problems in which 20 Catholic demographic experts advocate "liberal but orthodox policies on birth control."

Reason: the views "are in direct confiict with those propounded by the Pope in recent months."

The ban came on the eve of the publications of English and Spanish editions of the book, titled *The Population Problem*. Between 400 and 500 copies of a French edition of 10,000 books had already been distributed.

Canon Joseph Moerman, secretary-general of the International Catholic Child Bureau, is editor of the book, which grew out of a 1973 meeting of the Conference of International Catholic Organizations. The body links 32 major Catholic agencies with a membership of 60 million.

English sources claimed that Moerman had been told by the Vatican either to stop distribution of the book or to buy the whole stock and destroy it. Moerman confirmed that the Vatican had ordered withdrawal of the book, but declined comment on the either/or proposition.

He said the book had a two-fold purpose: to alert Catholics to the realities of the population problem; and to demonstrate to the UN and individual governments that there are some Catholics who appreciate the extent of the problem.

The Vatican's purpose, in turn, was also said to be two-fold: to hold the line on birth control; and to clip the wings of the Conference of International Catholic Organizations. Says Hickman: "A great deal of domestic infighting has been going on to limit the growing status and influence of this body."

The (London) *Tablet*, ordinarily a defender of Vatican prerogatives, blasted the suppression, saying that it has produced "an almost farcical situation involving standards of procedure that are very far from normal."

"It has done great harm to the ideals of the Church . . . and its standing in world opinion," *The Tablet* concluded.

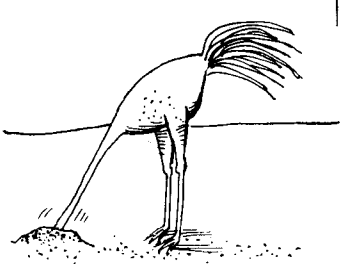
According to *Informations Catholiques Internationales*, an interim settlement has the first French edition going ahead unaltered, but any reference to the Conference of International Catholic Organizations being deleted from subsequent editions. It is expected that this will be the formula for editions in other languages.

Left open, however, is the old Catholic sore: How much autonomy does a Catholic organization enjoy—if, indeed, any?

America the Beautiful

The *Times*' James T. Wooten wrote recently of the sanitizing of American history that is taking place in order to make the Bicentennial as painless and as commercially palatable as possible. Example:

Recently one of the "Bicentennial Minutes," a series of historical narratives on network TV sponsored by Shell Oil, featured Jonathan Winters telling about an event in Savannah, Ga., 200 years before to the date.



A group of colonists, angered by British tariffs, went down to the docks and threw three customs agents into the river, Winters related.

What Winters did not say was that one of the agents drowned.

It was, wrote Wooten, an omission "similar to the series' failure to tell viewers that colonists, in addition to fighting and winning the Revolutionary War, also tarred and feathered British loyalists, murdered several others and, on at least one occasion, castrated an obstinate Tory."

O Tempora, O Mores

The U.S. Government has spent more than $500,000 flying Secretary of State Kissinger's armored limousine with him on his diplomatic peregrinations. But President Ford goes Kissinger one better.

On his recent lobbying campaign to woo support for his energy and economic proposals, Ford brought along not only his armored limousine, but also a cargo of crockery bearing the Great Seal of the United States of America.

The crockery was to impress Ford's dinner guests about the exaltedness of their state in life.

According to the *Washington Post*'s Maxine Cheshire, hotel officials were so fearful of breakage and pilferage that they refused to take responsibility for washing the President's dirty plates.

Hence, the plates were merely rinsed, then repacked and flown back to Washington, where Navy stewards spic-and-spanned them.

Winsome Waugh

Auberon Waugh confided to London's *Private Eye* that "services in the Roman Catholic Church have become so inane and so repulsive that I am seriously thinking of joining the Church of England."

"Obviously, the history of the Church of England is totally abject, rooted in cowardice, servility and doctrinal error. On the other hand, it seems to have acquired a certain dignity over the years, while the present countenance of the Roman Church is transcendentally ignoble and reptilian in every aspect."

Qualifying the statement for London's *Catholic Herald*, Waugh remarked: "I'm not trying to insult anyone, even bog-Irish priests whose brogue renders the vernacular liturgy both unintelligible and hideous. . . . I am concerned as to whether the Mass, as at present celebrated, is fit for the eyes and ears of an English country gentleman. I mean no offense to the fools who don't agree."

That's an astringency worthy of his old man.

Odds and Ends

—Former White House counsel John Dean came unglamorously to Westchester Community College, Purchase, N.Y. The Student Forum wanted radio disc jockey Don Imus. The lecture agency sold Dean.

—Obfuscation of the week, London-style: According to a parliamentary report in *The Times*, Gerald Kaufman, Under Secretary of State for the Environment, "moved a further amendment to reverse a Lords' decision which removed a provision for the termination of decontrol of tenancies by reference to ratable value."

—The *St. Louis Review* has come out editorially against the Equal Rights Amendment as "unnecessary and dangerous in involving the courts more deeply in family life." How reminiscent of so much Catholic opposition to the 1924 Child Labor Amendment. "This Soviet legislation," wrote one member of the American hierarchy back then; this usurping of parental rights to child education and control, agreed some episcopal colleagues. As in 1924, so in 1975: the opposition is inane.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Ethnic Go Bragh

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors: One hardly knows how to begin to respond to Murray Kempton's revelation that "the typical Irish philosopher is . . . whoever is editor for the *Brooklyn Tablet*" [News & Views, Feb. 14]. Do I apologize first to the Irish, or to the Germans?

While finding more Scotch than Irish in my blood, I could at least say that some of my best friends are Irish, but I wouldn't marry one. Come to think of it, I did. And, my grandson is named John O'Connell, "the young liberator."

Anyway, happy St. Patrick's Day wishes from Brooklyn, where the editor is Teutonic, the Bishop Italian and the congregation Spanish.

Perhaps I should just smile and point out that it's the first time in the decades since I graduated from St. John's with a degree in philosophy that anyone ever called me a philosopher, Irish or otherwise.

DON ZIRKEL
Editor, *The Tablet*

P.S. With apologies to Chesterton,
No wonder the great Gaels are mad,
after hearing Kempton's sermon,
for all their sores are Murray
and all their philosophers German.

Striking Out

Cedar Grove, N.J.

To the Editors: The mood of the striking teachers at Montclair State College (and the other New Jersey State Colleges) was just as Kenneth Aman described it [Jan. 31]. We were confused and unsure but determined to work—or strike, not only for higher salaries to keep pace with inflation, but for the right to have a voice in our own destinies as educators, and to see to the survival of higher education in New Jersey.

The "radicalization on the picket line" resulted from the ugly realization that we were not playing a game but were face-to-face with hard-nosed poli-

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MORAL EDUCATION

The campuses, we are told, are quiet. More students are meditating and even going to church. Religious vocations are up and fewer seminarians cause trouble or go to jail. Students, afraid of facing the job market without good grades and marketable skills, work harder. They are more obedient. They smoke less "grass"—and drink more beer like their dads. Meanwhile, recently, a group of moneyed priests and laymen announced that, in contrast to the colleges informalizing their religious affiliations ("selling out"), they will start a new *real* Catholic college where the "truth" will be taught.

If the primary goal of religiously-oriented universities were to turn out a generation that is industrious, docile and churched we might be cheered by this evidence of a modest religious revival. The wounds of the late 1960s—with their burnings, clubbings, shootings and bomb scares—have barely healed; and few who have scars would want to open them again. But those years also had something very religious that this new age of tranquility seems to lack: moral passion. Confronted by the twin sins of racial oppression and the Vietnam war, the universities reexamined their relationship to a society that had gone off course and became—by their teach-ins, marches, and the public statements of their bolder leaders—along with the press, the conscience of the nation.

Today's college generation is both unscarred and untaught by those years. This year's freshmen were less than twelve-years-old when their older brothers and sisters were beaten bloody and gassed in Chicago's Grant Park. For them Mylai is a fact in a journalism textbook they must memorize for a quiz and the Watergate criminals are "celebrities"—like Harold Cosell and Jim Bouton—who will talk for an hour if you give them $2000. Today, to "protest" may mean to buy Christian Brothers rather than Gallo for the wine party. So, the students—except when they run around naked in the spring—are quiet. Administrators, faculty, parents and alumni feel better.

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But, although man cannot live well without worship, the purpose of the religiously-oriented university is not to get its students into church. It is to form the values that will enable the citizen to function as a just man in a far-from-just society. This means that if students have dozed off, the educators must wake them up—challenge them again, through *academic* controversy, to face the moral and religious dimensions of the new social issues that will soon make demands on us all. For moral values are formed in response to demands—when one must choose between involvement and retreat, and when silence in the face of evil mounts to a share in the guilt.

Morality today is less than ever a list of learnable thoughts. It is a quality of character that can grow out of the unique combination of teaching, life experience, and reflection that the religiously-oriented university exists to provide. It can provide them in three ways: by curriculum, prophetic leadership, and community.

Curriculum. A university's shared values are best embodied in a core liberal arts curriculum: an integrated series of in-depth interdisciplinary courses—not quickie "gut" surveys—that give students the data, analytical tools and moral perspective to make decisions on complex issues. For example: morality and foreign policy, surveillance, spying, subversion and military intervention; the church and labor, toil and creativity in work, human dignity and welfare legislation, a rediscovery of the social encyclicals; the food and energy crises, man's responsibility for the environment and his fellow men, the inequitable distribution of natural and economic resources; the value of human life confronted in inextricably connected issues—war, abortion, punishment euthanasia, and the intolerable cost of health care; sexuality, changing sex roles and behavior, particularly the history and future of women in the church and society. For these are all issues where it matters where and by whom they are discussed if moral values are to be communicated.

Leadership. Prophetic leadership means that university spokesmen—preferably both the president and the chaplain—should be willing, when necessary, to take stands against the national leadership or public opinion. If they cannot risk alienating a few wealthy contributors in order to witness to a moral principle —by boycotting discriminatory clubs, denouncing the government's abuse of civil liberties—perhaps too high a price is being paid for financial solvency.

Community. We learned in the '60s that college can't be Camelot. But it is still not too much to hope that students and faculty can live together and associate freely in a way that promotes fellowship, understanding between the ages and sexes, a richer intellectual life, and spiritual growth. This is a special challenge to those religious orders who once owned their institutions but have gven up their legal domination so that their schools can qualify for state aid. They might well resolve their crises of identity by redefining their community campus presence with new emphasis on the public witness of their community life. This might mean some adjustment in traditional lifestyle. But, since good theology and lively campus ministries are more and more available on strictly secular campuses, this community witness may be the one last thing that can make religiously-oriented colleges unique. For, in the long run, nothing forms and reinforces character as well as friendship. When the courses have been forgotten what each generation will remember longest about its campus community will be the love its members had—or didn't have—for one another.

WASHINGTON REPORT

CORRUPTION, CONSCIENCE & GOVERNMENT

Corruption in government has many faces. There have been the economic "spectaculars," Crédit Mobilier and Teapot Dome, and the big-daddy of them all, Watergate, a political one. These involve a mutuality of organized avarice and lusting for power on the part of men in high positions in both public and private office. More numerous are instances of isolated wrongdoing of public men for individual advancement or financial gain—award of a contract to a friend, not the low-bidder, or filing of a false income-tax return. The scrolls of federal prisons at Danbury and Allenwood bear their names.

With the rise of the Administrative State in modern times, however, there's come about a less dramatic type of corruption that corrodes perpetrators, the acquiescent and the institutions within which they work. Pervasive, debilitating, cumulative. Ethical choices within the world of work become eroded/irrelevant or the choice is left to some nameless superior within public and private organizations. The offenses become sometimes simply entrenched patterns of favoritism on the part of organizational men or their deliberate non-compliance with congressional intent of a law. Not all the Haldemans and Erhlichmans are Republicans and/or work at the White House. Other times, financial remuneration is involved. In an extremist political climate, the organi-

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zational men are the dutiful Eichmanns who shroud the most murderous of undertakings as routine administrative actions.

Learned readers of *Commonweal* are better able to describe the theoretical and doctrinal basis for this advancing state-of-affairs than is contained in this column, but the flagrant, accumulating examples of this category of corruption compel comment, nevertheless.

A society may be brought down by corruption as well as by violence. For the United States, one is as possible as the other.

Two recent suicides illustrate the matter. Both men who killed themselves were victims in that shadowy relationship of greedy entrepreneurs, willing to subvert public agencies for private gain, and the public agencies themselves. One of the suicides was chief of the Bureau of Enforcement for the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB). He left as last testament a 20- to 30-page letter relating to political campaign contributions made by domestic airline companies, which an FBI investigation suggests broke the law. The second suicide was that of a middle-aged architect who in early March shot himself fewer than two hours after he told a reporter for *The* (Baltimore) *Sun* about what he regarded as improprieties in awarding a lucrative Maryland state contract for construction of prefabricated classrooms.

The architect's suicide is the most dramatic in a stream of malfeasances involving the Maryland government, certainly one of the most disreputable that any state's citizens are afflicted with. Prodded, Governor Mandel reacted to the classroom-contract scandal by bypassing the Maryland Attorney-General's Office and establishing an investigatory commission whose members are to be appointed by him and his cronies in the legislature. Parenthetically, the Maryland situation reflects the equanimity with which the affluent view corruption. Legislators from well-to-do sections of the State have been conspicuously silent (unlike a few from blue-collar districts) because they fear to anger the Governor and upset their own legislative projects, albeit worthy ones. In this way, these persons, with no excuse not to be responsible, permit their attitudes to be compartmentalized, cut like salami into slices that prevent—or don't permit—ethical judgments to be brought to bear on the overall. Accompanying the phenomenon of the division of labor is a division of conscience.

The CAB official, investigators agree, was himself blameless. Whatever laxness was exercised by his bureau over airlines' political contributions came during the service of his predecessors. But law-enforcement officials who read his testament said he apparently felt that the bureau he headed had not performed its function adequately. "I almost got the impression that he was apologizing because his shop hadn't done a better job," one official said.

The moral question of committing suicide aside, the CAB official chose to punish himself in retribution for the notorious clientism that infects federal regulatory agencies and the business firms they profess to regulate. Actually, the epitaph for federal regulatory agencies was written in the last century just after establishment of the first one, the Interstate Commerce Commission. Attorney-General Olney, seeking to pacify a president of a railroad, wrote him that "the part of wisdom is not to destroy the Commission but to utilize it."

The death of the architect recalls an observation of Max Weber made in another context. Puritanism and its twin, Calvinism, swept away all traces of any restriction or guidance in the employment of money and, thereby, nourished the capitalistic spirit that exists within each of us.

The Washington and Baltimore newspapers have reported other less dramatic examples of how individual conscience has been infected with indifferentism, even docility.

The investigatory arm of the Congress—the General Accounting Office (GAO)—reported this month that 49 officials of the United States Geological Survey own stocks in companies holding mineral leases on federal lands supervised by their own agency. Their holdings are illegal, GAO informed the Congress. Incidentally, this story in this jaded town was reported not on page one, but on an inside page of the news section of the *Washington Post*. An Assistant Secretary of the Treasury made a ruling, according to *The Sun*, that is financially favorable to clients of a law firm he was formerly associated with. The same week brought another example of "checkbook" journalism. CBS has agreed to pay approximately $25,000 to H. R. Haldeman, convicted in the Watergate trials, in order that he may share with us his experiences as a presidential assistant in the most corrupt of all presidential administrations. How much would CBS have paid for the recollections of Pontius Pilate?

These episodes are just a few of the examples of actual law-breaking or warped judgments that litter the daily newspapers hereabouts. They comprise a situation in which numbers of public and private managers display a lack of self-guidance. Managers, who in other aspects of their lives would not kick the ailing family cat or hold back their kids' allowances or steal the daily newspaper from a neighbor's front-stoop, act in their world of work to sell their services and goods as dear as they can, not as is right.

Nor is what is "right" always re-enforced by the courts. The exercise of juridically determined rights frequently violates the rightness of an action. An example is a recent decision of the Supreme Court that upheld a newspaper's right to print the name of a raped woman. Yes, the court said, you editors have that right. The theoretical right of the public's right-to-know may

(Continued on page 18)

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"THE MOON WAS SHINING SULKILY"

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

It has occurred to me that in the recent textbook controversies—in West Virginia, in Maryland, and elsewhere —no one has thought to question the underlying attitude toward books as books. The criticisms from both sides reveal the heavy burden of expectation placed on them. The parents of West Virginia look on textbooks as transmitters of American and religious values; their opponents expect them to build better social attitudes, and to inure the young to the harsh realities of our society—realities like skepticism and violence rampant. Church women have searched textbooks to see whether they were international in outlook; minorities have scrutinized them for racism; feminists find in them male and female "stereotyping." In a time when the written word fares badly in competition with other means of communication no one seems to be asking whether the books lead to delight in reading and in the riches, subtlety and suppleness of the English language.

Unless my memory is very faulty there was a time when textbooks did that—when they were for *reading*. My father, while still in his early twenties, was County Superintendent of Schools. It was a rare honor and an exalted position for one so young. It gave him an office in the Court House, and entailed rolling about the countryside in a shiny buggy behind a fast mare from the livery stable in order to make regular, but unannounced, visits to every school district. So awesome was his authority that one school teacher dropped in a faint when she saw him at the door of her one-room school—so he used to tell us with amusement and, I am afraid, some satisfaction.

By the time I was born that time of glory was far in the past, but the house was filled with the legacy of his days as an educator. There were primers and arithmetic books, and series after series of the old "readers" —the Elson readers, the Jones readers, the Cyr readers. "Readers," that is, graded hard-bound collections of readings and probably our first anthologies, were treasuries for school children in the day when school libraries consisted of a few old books on a shelf in a classroom corner. For us, this trove of my father's was a fascinating addition to the complete volumes of children's classics with which my mother and aunts stocked our bookcases.

I took one down from the shelf the other day to see if it was as I remembered it. It was a fourth reader in the *Child Life* series published in 1900. I was amazed at the stories and poems and writers I must first have encountered there, when this little green book was already old. There are selections from *Alice in Wonderland* and *A Christmas Carol*, but, more suprising, from Walter Scott, George Eliot, William Blake, Hawthorne, Keats, and, yes, Victor Hugo, and Ruskin. Odd, some of these last, to present to nine- and ten-year-olds, you might think, but not if you remember George Eliot's small Maggie Tulliver running away to join the gypsies, little Cosette and the marvelous doll in *Les Misérables*, and Ruskin's fairy tale, *King of the Golden River*. The selections were made in order to create an appetite for good writing in child readers, for, as the editors say, "As soon as the children begin to read with fluency and understanding they begin to enjoy reading." Rather sententiously they urge teachers using the book to "call attention to a fine description, to a thought well expressed; in fact, use every opportunity for leading the children to love the true, the good, and the beautiful in literature as well as in nature and art." Not a bad idea really, because, as famous Greek scholar Edith Hamilton says, behind good literature in any tongue there must have been centuries "when men were striving to express themselves with clarity and beauty, *an indispensable proof of civilization.*"

All this is not to say that modern texts are not rich in good writing, but I wonder if we who use them distinguish between literature and propaganda, and whether we think of the textbook as a tool for the child or for society.

My old Child Life reader certainly had flaws. Some of the authors anthologized have failed the test of time—Jacob Abbott, Felicia Hemans and Dinah Mulock Craik, who are they? As anthology it would fail tests based on the criteria listed in the first paragraph above. But I can testify that it was a tool for a child growing in the delight in language. It fed a need which perhaps new texts do not—the need for escape into nonsense and fantasy.

The editors had room for Blake's *A Laughing Song*,

> "When Mary and Susan and Emily
> With their sweet round mouths
> sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

And for Tweedledee's recitation for Alice,

> "The moon was shining sulkily.
> Because she thought the sun
> Had got not business to be there
> After the day was done—"

And much else.

It was fun to read.

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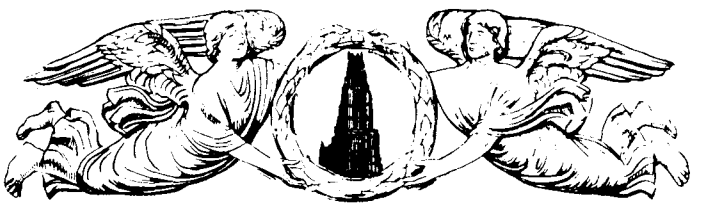
GOD AND (WO)MAN ON CAMPUS



Robert Kiely

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RELIGION and Harvard have been entwined since the beginning, but Harvard has never been happy about God. The Puritans who established this college at the edge of the wilderness in 1636 did a noble and humane thing. For them, of course, the building of a school was also a religious act, a sign of faith in the Word and in the necessity of learning for those who would understand, follow and preach it. But the God of the Mathers was jealous, and though their ancestors had suffered persecution in England, their own conception of *veritas* was not much leavened with charity, even toward fellow Christians. The first Anglican minister of Cambridge was driven from his parish and home by Harvard Calvinists who were suspicious of him on political as well as religious grounds.

When young John Adams (Harvard class of 1755) pondered his future, he naturally considered the ministry. In one mood it seemed to him "that the study of Theology and the pursuit of it as a Profession would involve him in endless Altercations and make his life miserable, without any prospect of doing any good to his fellow Men." In another mood, he saw the ministry as the perfect opportunity both "to do . . . good to his fellow men and make . . . provision for his own future Happiness"—which sounds like the familiar justification offered by contemporary Harvard undergraduates for swarming into law and medicine—though their definitions of "future Happiness" is fiscal not metaphysical.

John Adams, as everyone knows, chose law instead of theology, and he did go on to do much good for his fellow men. If Harvard could canonize, he would be one of her rugged, virtuous, sensible saints. Portraits show a face of determination, firm intelligence and sobriety, a pious but not flamboyantly religious man. The thought of him preaching to birds or being roasted on a spit is inconceivable.

Religion at Harvard has rarely, if ever, involved agony and certainly not ecstasy. Its development (or decline) from Calvinism through Unitarianism to Non-sectarian Secularism has always stressed rationality and ethical earnestness, as those terms have been understood by different generations.

In recent years, few have seriously expected an official revival of Congregationalist or Unitarian Harvard, but so long as the faculty, administration and student body were heavily populated by liberated descendants of Protestant Harvard families, the demons of former orthodoxies were alive in the memory. It was as though they expected their great-grandfathers in long black coats to jump out of the stalls and take over Massachusetts Hall again. I remember as a graduate student hearing an elderly, Harvard-educated librarian respond with fierce self-satisfaction to a student's inquiry: "If it has to do with the Bible, I don't know anything about it." But that was in the 1950s and Nathan Pusey, a practicing Episcopalian, had recently become president of Harvard and awakened old fears and prejudices. But despite his efforts and achievements in improving the Divinity School, there was no notable revival of religion or religious study at the undergraduate level in the College. What some referred to as "the Puseyfication of Harvard" did not, in that sense, take place.

When religion was rooted out of the undergraduate curriculum in the 19th century, it was rooted out with a vengeance. For nearly one hundred years, except as it pertained to courses in history, ethics, literature or philosophy, religion rarely reared its head in the College curriculum. The dominance of religion in the life and curriculum of the College for more than two cen-

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turies resulted in a secularization nearly as narrow and dogmatic in spirit as that which it replaced. Between 1903, when "majoring" was first introduced, and 1974, despite the presence on the faculty of great Biblical and Church scholars like Harry Wolfson and Arthur Darby Nock, no Harvard undergraduate was permitted to take a degree in theological or religious studies.

The change brought about in 1974 was largely the result of student initiative. Nine or ten years ago undergraduates became increasingly distressed by their inability to understand large portions of Dante, Milton, Joyce, Faulkner and even Ernest Hemingway because of their ignorance of the Classics, including those of the Judeo-Christian tradition which had inspired the institution in which they were studying as well as the writers they couldn't understand. The English Department resurrected a course in the King James Bible and, little by little, students with sufficient determination found that by cross-registering in graduate courses at the Divinity School they could petition the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to allow them to major in what amounted to "religious studies." When the number making these petitions increased to the point where continuation on an *ad hoc* basis meant budgetary and bureaucratic complications, a proposal for a formal A.B.-granting Committee on Religious Studies came before the faculty.

One or two professors warned that the program was a front for a Protestant takeover, but since it was comparativist in nature and supported by Islamic and Buddhist scholars as well as Judaic and Christian ones, that objection did not catch fire. The real debate took place between scholars accustomed, because of the moratorium on religious studies in the College, to deal with this subject on the graduate level only and mid-20th century "know-nothings" whose ignorance of religion was so broad and deep as to make them suppose that it was a subject with no history, no systematic thought, no literature or scholarship of its own. The scholars, though generally favoring the proposal, expressed reservations about whether undergraduates could master enough Sanskrit, Hebrew, Greek, etc. to approach their subject while the "know-nothings" supposed that "religious studies" meant giving academic credit to flower children for sitting on a hillside thinking about nothing in particular. The majority had no strong feelings either way and approved the proposal. So after decades of being a near non-subject, religion rejoined the Harvard College curriculum.

Still, the actual practice of religion among students and faculty at Harvard tends to be an extra-curricular activity. The minister to the University's Memorial Church is a Baptist and daily services follow a broad-church Protestant format, but the spirit is open and ecumenical. Rabbis, priests, laywomen and laymen regularly deliver the morning address and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, for the first time in Harvard's history, preached the sermon on Passion Sunday this year.

To anyone who knows the history of Harvard and Boston, this is no small achievement. The residue of mutual prejudice and suspicion has been surprisingly difficult to eliminate. Many generations have passed since Harvard was a WASP stronghold, yet for a heavily Irish clergy, humiliations visited on parents and grandparents have been hard to forget. At the same time, despite centuries of scholarly and artistic achievement, the Church continues to be viewed by many academics as a bastion of anti-intellectualism. Within the American, and especially the local situation, this suspicion has had some foundation (though the move of Weston Seminary into Cambridge and the presence of young Jesuits in the University has done much to dispel it).

Meanwhile the religious life—both spiritual and intellectual—of most undergraduates at Harvard is very much in their own hands. Neither the University nor the institutional Church has provided much help beyond the rudimentary level. In many ways, the Catholic students are the worst off. Judaism, with its ancient scholarly tradition and its capacity to survive in adversity, has maintained a lively center of scriptural, language and ethical studies at Hillel House under the guidance of a learned rabbi. Evangelical Protestantism, with its stress on the Bible and a membership accustomed to fending for itself, has shown spiritual vitality in the student-run Christian Fellowship. Catholicism has survived in fragments—small prayer groups, informal liturgies, parish loyalists—but there has been no real spiritual center in the past 10 years. A Catholic undergraduate trying to find guidance, encouragement, or instruction as sophisticated as that provided by the University may well have found it from individual priests, nuns, laypersons and small groups, but if his idea of Ecclesia ranged beyond the remnant, he would have witnessed a local institution torn by clerical uncertainty and mistrust of itself as well as of Harvard. The termination this year of the chaplaincy of Rev. Richard Griffin, S.J., Sister Ann Kelley and Carol Bohn was greeted by a storm of protest from those members of the student body and faculty who felt that the Archbishop of Boston had acted without sufficient consultation and sensitivity to those involved. In the aftermath of hurt feelings and anger, charges and countercharges, Harvard Catholics have become acutely aware of their need for charity and genuine communion.

However much it has changed over the centuries, Harvard continues to teach its students to expect a great deal from themselves and from the communities and institutions to which they commit their lives. The typical undergraduate on his or her way to law school no longer wonders, as John Adams did, whether or not to enter the ministry. But they are not all content with the economic definition of "future Happiness" and they do still wonder whether there is "any prospect of doing good to their fellow men." How God or religion pertain to those questions is not clear to most of them.

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J. A. Appleyard

BOSTON COLLEGE

IT'S difficult to generalize. One man's trend is another man's fringe group. With 8000 undergraduates here, and half as many graduate students, you can assemble two dozen enthusiasts for anything from a charismatic prayer meeting to an old-fashioned holy hour, and around any issue from gay students' needs to the Boston busing problem. God isn't dead or absent; it's just hard to tell where the mainstream is and which phenomena reveal the authentic Spirit—a very old problem for Christians, of course. The evidence is diverse. Here is some of it:

• The Jesuits founded B.C. but no longer control it, entirely. Eleven Jesuits sit among the 32 trustees. The president and two of the six vice-presidents are Jesuits, but only one of the six principal deans and three department chairpeople out of 20 in the arts and sciences. Sixty Jesuits teach, out of a full-time faculty of 525, and another 25 are involved in administration.

• The Jesuits themselves are uneasy and cautiously optimistic. Last fall they published a 20-page statement, "Jesuit Education at Boston College." It surveyed post-World War II growth and post-Vatican II changes and took a dim view of the loss of shared religious belief and practice at B.C. and of the positivist values that the departmentalization of the curriculum seems to have brought with it. The statement argued for a better-integrated core curriculum of liberal subjects, and put great emphasis on value-centered teaching and on the moral and spiritual education of students as individuals. Response to the statement was puzzling. What little public discussion there was on campus was mostly favorable. The alumni newspaper printed the whole statement and reserved a large section of its next issue for replies, but there weren't any. On the other hand, more than 500 copies were requested by other college faculty and administrators. Perhaps the Jesuits' proposals are ideas whose time has come, so far as campus opinion and the world at large are concerned, and only professional academics find them novel and debatable.

• Two thousand students fasted for 24 hours on World Hunger Day, organized by the chaplaincy in November, certainly the largest manifestation of student idealism in recent years. A group of 40 students has been organizing follow-up activities to raise consciousness locally and influence national policy. Currently they are assembling a meatless cookbook and trying to get the campus food service to provide alternate meatless meals.

• The chaplaincy is very visible on campus, with a string of offices right outside one of the cafeterias. Five full-time chaplains (four Jesuit priests and a married layman) and three part-time chaplains (two women religious and a Jesuit scholastic) work there on a variety of projects. There are a dozen daily and Sunday masses in different styles. Chaplains estimate that weekend mass attendance is about 1000. Retreats are popular; this year there have been eight weekends away from campus, and some 200 students will have taken part.

• One of the spin-offs from the chaplaincy is the Program for the Study of War and Peace, a child of late-sixties activism that turned institutional. It organizes interdisciplinary courses for credit and students can minor in it. For the second year it has arranged, for turn-away crowds, a theology-credited course given by two Maryknoll priests called "Developing Nations: Their Value and Ours."

• About 25 seniors planning to join some kind of volunteer group after graduation are taking part in a course arranged by the chaplaincy this semester to give them some idea of the psychological, political and social problems they will face. Some are candidates for the Peace Corps or Vista; many are applying for the Jesuit Volunteer Corps which has graduates living in communal style and working in service projects among the poor in different parts of the country.

• The charismatic community numbers about 30 regular attenders at a Tuesday evening mass and prayer meeting. Newest arrival among religious groups is the Campus Crusade for Christ, which recruited particularly among campus athletes last year, scrimmaged the basketball team to advertise itself, and this year has formed two bible-study groups.

• Theology is required of all students for two semesters, as part of the liberal arts core. There are more than 65 courses to satisfy the requirement, from biblical Hebrew to sociology of religion. Two rabbis teach in the department and it is possible to major in Jewish studies, though only one course is offered in Islam. Theology is popular beyond the core requirements: there are over 1500 additional course registrations this year, and there are 50 undergraduate theology majors. The department's Institute for the Study of Religious Education trains teachers and parish coordinators; with 390 degree candidates enrolled, it is the largest program of its kind in the country.

• A current issue on campus is the status of Mary Daly. She teaches courses in feminist ethics and revolutionary ethics from a "post-Christian" point of view in the theology department, and is the author of *Beyond God the Father*. This year she was denied promotion to full professor. Since reasons for these decisions are never made public, there has been a predictable flurry of motive-assigning. The explanation the editors of the student newspaper have settled on is discrimination

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against her because of her feminist and anti-Christian opinions.

• For eighteen months a university-wide self-study has been underway here. The report begins with the assertion that B.C.'s first goal is "to remain a strong and distinctively Catholic university." It locates this distinctiveness especially in the faculty, and carefully suggests that even more important than academic credentials as a criterion for hiring and promotion may be the extent to which the attitudes of faculty members "support or at least do not conflict with" the goals of the university. It sees the Jesuits as a "creative minority" and says that departments should have a policy of actively recruiting them. Implementing these principles will be a delicate business, but the goals statement outspokenly insists that "our institution is different." The market value of that difference may turn out to be crucial: though no one seems to keep figures, administrators estimate that as many as 85 percent of the students here are from Catholic families, which suggests that B.C.'s religious identity is still part of its attraction.

• Comment from a Jesuit living in a student dormitory: "There's a harsh impersonality to dorm life that's different from previous years. It's more like living in a housing project: there's not much concern for each other, a lot of vandalism, a crude male camaraderie or an attitude of don't-bother-me-and-I-won't-bother-you. A number of students are acutely lonely and apathetic. Maybe the problem is the students' lives are getting to be just like the lives of Americans generally."

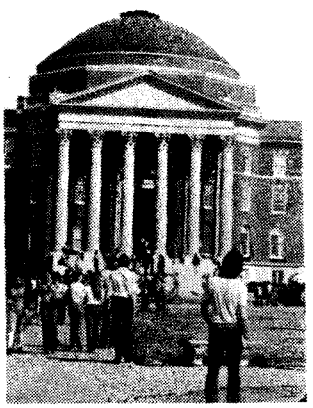
• The campus security office says that vandalism and student crime have increased, but less so than on other campuses and far less than in the country as a whole. The bookstore has a steady problem with shoplifting, but the manager says it is less than a few years ago ("when Jerry Rubin's *Steal This Book* was on the shelves"). Students buy a lot of books on pop religion and spirituality, he says, and outside of required texts the biggest-selling category of books is philosophy.

• Comment from one of the chaplains: "Students who believe in God are beginning to come up out of the ashes. They're looking around for each other, and they're not afraid to identify themselves. Anonymous Christianity isn't fashionable anymore."

• Comment from a philosophy instructor: "I always ask my students whether they believed in God. This year 80 percent say they do. But my impression is that they won't talk about their own beliefs in class until they know what the teacher's attitude will be. In some classes teachers don't want to talk about religion."

• Notes on style: Crosses around the necks of students are definitely in. Clerical dress is neither in nor out. Talking about "the Lord" is okay. Confession isn't very popular, but reconciliation services are. Merton is very much in, also occasional massive liturgies with the university chorale, sacred dance and clouds of incense. As for readings from Kahil Gibran in wedding liturgies, celebrants have moved from tolerance to active resistance. Hardly anyone says anything interesting about the Catholic Novel.

And so? A campus this big is really a microcosm of everything that's going on in the culture at large. Institutional certainties have diminished everywhere, and universities are no exception. For better or worse, students are free to dress the way they want to, do what they will in dormitories, and construct a curriculum almost to their liking. It would be surprising if religion weren't affected. This freedom imposes on students (on all of us for that matter) a terrific responsibility for defining our own styles and commitments, without much help from the culture and its institutions. Somehow the people one knows well seem to be coping, even flourishing; it's the others one wonders about. Boston College is certainly different from what it was in the early fifties, but then what isn't?



J. Claude Evans

SOUTHERN METHODIST

SOUTHERN Methodist University came into existence out of the fright the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, experienced on losing control of Vanderbilt University. Its Texas founders wanted a university in the Southwest that would not be simply church-related, but church-owned, lest one day it succumb to secular forces and slip away from its church moorings. But church ownership alone is no guaranteed bulwark against the ravages of secularism as we shall see.

If one is to judge the mission of a university *qua* university, James A. Perkins suggests the three criteria of the open search for knowledge (research), the transmission of knowledge (teaching), and the application of knowledge (service to the community). If one is to judge the mission of a church-related or church-owned university, one must add to these three the scholarly presentation of the truths of faith (biblical studies, etc.) and the values of faith (ethical principles).

Three fairly distinct periods may be delineated in the history of Southern Methodist University as regards these missional goals. Prior to World War II, SMU was more of a church college striving to be a university, than a university itself. Its teaching was chiefly liberal arts, its research was minimal, and its service was more to the church than to the community. It had required biblical

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studies, a growing school of theology, and required chapel. However, this early sectarianism had in its structures a carry-over from John Wesley's emphasis on the union of "knowledge and vital piety," so that even in those early days, there was more academic freedom at SMU than at most state schools in the Southwest.

It was after World War II that SMU began to become of age in its missional goals. Led by the School of Theology, SMU became the first major, private university in the South to integrate. Academic freedom became more secure here than at the prestigious University of Texas, where trustees were notorious in their perennial interference. SMU presidents and administrators became adept at taking verbal criticism, and sometimes abuse, from conservative alumni and friends of the university. Yet it was a great day for SMU. Not once did the president ever ask a faculty or staff member to cool it, or hush up—or even make threats, veiled or unveiled. Out of it came the faculty nomination of this president for the Alexander Meiklejohn Award, and its later presentation (April, 1965).

The major missional advancement for SMU in this period was the Master Plan of 1965 which reiterated SMU's dedication to the educational goals of a university, while insisting that the truth to be sought was "not mere empirical truth," but truth having "to do with moral values and religious faith," and must not be confused with "inflexible dogmata which proscribe free inquiry and critical exploration."

This Master Plan was the fruit of months of shared work by faculty, students, administrators, committees of trustees and other friends of the university. Out of it came a program of educational renewal that included interdisciplinary courses that began during the freshman year and continued through the senior year. Required Bible and/or philosophy courses were dropped. (Required Chapel had succumbed earlier because of larger enrollment and opposition of students.) Religion was included in the Nature of Man course for freshmen, so that the Judeo-Christian understanding of man could be discussed parallel to biological man, psychological man, sociological man, political man and so on. A special University College was created to which teachers from every school were loaned to teach in these interdisciplinary courses. It was a program that broke through old departmental hierarchies of power. A freshman might have one of the most senior professors on campus for a teacher.

While these were exciting days at SMU, there were clouds on the horizon. Big-time athletic budgets became a problem. A series of expensive coaches with expensive staffs have so far failed to turn the program around. Also, the teaching of religion in the interdisciplinary courses failed to stem the tide of a fundamentalist resurgence on campus. And even the hiring of a fundamentalist football coach introduced an era when SMU was in more trouble for NCAA rule violations than at any other period in its history, while the coach reintroduced dorm segregation and special treatment for athletes in a way that violated the Master Plan and its goal of a humane education for every student.

Purgatorial days are here for Southern Methodist University. The same kind of mentality that bends the knee to big-time athletics up and fired an exciting new president after he had served only two years. The firing was done by SMU's Board of Governors (mostly local businessmen who serve as the executive committee of the larger board of trustees) without even a formal meeting for discussion. Some feared that the Dallas business community was taking over the educational policy-making task of the university. It was a dark day for SMU as a university.

But it was purgatory, and not hell. (Purgatory, my Catholic friends tell me, has an exit; hell, I already know from my Protestantism, does not.) The faculty was galvanized overnight into, of all things, a faculty. It spoke its mind to trustees and administrators alike. United Methodist bishops of the South Central jurisdiction began to act like bishops (fathers in God) and presented a thoughtful position paper to the trustees. The sympathetic talents of a former president were employed as go-between and trustee-faculty-student committees hammered out new by-laws, which the trustees adopted, that make impossible ever again such a misappropriation of power by the "governors' executive committee," a new title, now official, also by trustee action.

There are other missional weaknesses. The University College of Master Plan fame is under increasing pressure. Having no budget of its own and dependent on regular departments for its faculty, departmental pressures for "publish or perish" are making it difficult to secure top teachers for the interdisciplinary courses. Fundamentalism is so rampant that students are openly advised by adherents not to take courses in the religion department or to attend Sunday Chapel lest they "lose their faith." The nature of man emphasis on religion has too little intellectual rigor to counterweight fundamentalist convictions. It could well be that the time has come for this church-owned university to reconsider its decision on the dropping of required courses in religion.

Of course fundamentalism and the re-emergence of vocational emphasis in education are culture-wide phenomena. "There is a growing realization among students of the perceived irrelevance of university education," says a philosophy professor. "There are a great many students whose lives are characterized by individualized searching for a sense of import in the immediate; fundamentalism and vocationalism promise this; traditional education does not promise this. Yet we still see students who get turned on when they see subject matter that has bearing on their lives," he continued. Value-free education simply will not get the job done.

SMU faculty are good at debating values in one-to-one

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discussion, but shy away from it in class. Listen to these student-written perceptions:

"I have found SMU to be very conducive to religious life, but I don't think religion is dealt with in class. It is left up to the individual with little or no influence coming from professors."

"Religion, thank goodness, is not over-stressed at SMU."

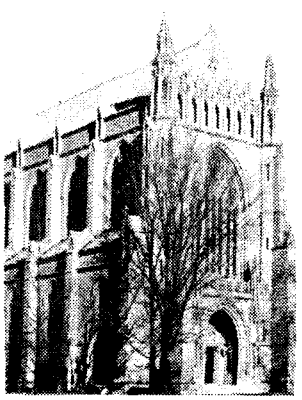
"I really don't feel that religion is a part of the *life* at SMU. It is really a part of the Sunday church-goers who constitute most of the ones who are religious here."

"There is no pressure at SMU from the church, university, or faculty to conform to any certain type of religion. Despite its name, SMU is not thought to be a strict religious school."

"I don't think SMU is all that religious. There are many religious functions here, but as far as the classroom, there really isn't much discussion of religion at all."

These quotes are selected, of course, but they point to the privatism that has created the void into which convinced fundamentalists and insistent vocationalists have moved. A new SMU faculty member, after one year here, said SMU was not "southern," nor "Methodist," and now he was wondering if it were a "university." He was not bad-mouthing SMU. He was telling us something every church-related university needs to hear. If we can become a university where the three goals of university (teaching, research and service) are wedded to the explicit presentation of the truths of the Judeo-Christian tradition, then SMU would make a contribution that no state and most private universities do not, and possibly cannot, make.

And the realization of these goals depends on whether significant educational and fiscal support can be found for these goals of a church-owned university.



Francis X. Murphy

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

IN Murray-Dodge Hall, the chaplain center at Princeton University, the other evening, a group of Catholics had just finished the second chukker of their weekly Lenten meditation on *Ashes to Easter,* and were gathered round an altar in an upper room for a ten p.m. liturgy, when a handful of Jewish students entered the premises.

"Oops," said the leader, backing off, "this must be the traditionalist service." His group had misread the notice on the building's entrance, "Jewish Services: Downstairs, traditionalist; Upstairs, liberal."

For the moment, at least, religious practice on campus is in; and nowhere is this more noticeable than at this Ivy League, former bastion of Presbyterian righteousness. Of a registered 900 or so Catholic students, between 450 and 500 are counted regularly at the weekend liturgies in the University Chapel, Murray-Dodge Hall, and the Aquinas Center, when the university is in session. Another five hundred individuals and families with or without university connections from as far away as Trenton and New Brunswick attend the Aquinas Center masses whose liturgy is structured by student committees and conducted by one of the five priests now connected with the Catholic chaplaincy.

Members of the Chapel, and of the Baptist Student Fellowships, the Christian Science Organization, St. Photius Orthodox, Proctor Episcopal, Westminster Presbyterian, or Princeton Hillel Foundations, as well as the Lutheran Student Fellowship, the Wesley Society, the Mormons, and the Unitarian Church are in rivalry for rooms at Murray-Dodge to conduct services, counseling, or study groups on a schedule that runs from seven in the morning to midnight. This activity includes the missionary zeal of some hundred Princeton Evangelicals under the surveillance of Dr. Donald Fullerton of the class of 1913, who meet regularly for Bible study and comb the campus for authentically saved Christians.

The change in student attitudes over the past decade is total. Between 1965 and 1969, enjoying affluance and stirred to violent reaction against the draft and the Vietnamese slaughter, students by the thousands demonstrated against government policies, got enthusiastically involved in the election process of 1968, and returned to campus in the fall of 1969 thoroughly disillusioned. The immediate result was a wave of disaffection that took the form of drugs, dropouts, and hippy counter-culture.

With the new college generation of 1975, stung by the depression-plus-inflation, and with few jobs on the horizon, a new seriousness has emerged that is reflected in attention to studies, guilt feelings when they neglect the library for a movie or play, concern about grades, and early decisions as to major interests heading for the professions: law, medicine, engineering, the social sciences, business, and a few clerical aspirations. Princeton has been no exception to these campus fads and fashions, although the incidence of major upsets was low. Its reaction to the religious *nouvelle vague* seems high.

Founded in 1746 as the College of New Jersey by a group of "New Side" Presbyterians under the leadership of Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, the new institution was directed to "free and equal liberty and advantages of education . . . any different sentiments on religion notwithstanding . . ."

Excluding Jews and Catholics, this prelude to a liberal

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education was pursued religiously by a series of outstanding presidents from John Witherspoon (1768-1794), a signer of the Declaration of Independence, to James McCosh (1868-1888) who raised the college to university status, and Woodrow Wilson (1902-1910). Wilson and Robert Goheen (1957-1972), though sons of missionary clergymen, were the only non-ordained presidents until the present incumbent, William Bowen, who is said to have no formal religious affiliation. An economist, Bowen owes his elevation—first as provost, then as president—to projections concerning the financial crunch that would adversely affect the economic situation of labor-intensive institutions, such as colleges and universities, that he made a decade ago.

It is reported that Bowen prefers to spend his Sunday mornings on the tennis court, and has picked his deans and administrators on performance criteria in keeping with the pragmatic, secularist creed that has predominated on campus since at least the turn of this century. His liberal policies are under attack from conservative sectors of the older alumni who are alarmed over the permissive and non-religious orientation of his regime. Actually, he is scrupulously neutral—a stance adopted by the university after World War I, and acknowledged with the abolition of the chapel attendance rule in 1966 that had been a farce for decades. He inherited the open dormitory policies in vogue since the integration of women in residence in 1969, and has approved of sex education and counseling services, frequently consulting Father Charles Weiser, the Catholic chaplain who is the senior in service among the non-university-supported religious advisors.

The official chaplaincy is held by Dean Ernest Gordon, a Scotch Presbyterian, who was a prisoner of the Japanese at the River Kwai and became a clergyman on his return from the war. He presides over the Gothic University Chapel built by Ralph Adams Cram in 1928. Its Norman architectural appointments with their reminders of medieval Catholicism would have gone down hard with the University's founders.

The Catholic tradition at Princeton goes back to the early 1900s when two outstanding professors—Edward McCabe in Economics, and Hugh Stott Taylor in Chemistry—decided to provide for the religious needs of Catholics on campus by inviting a Dominican, Father Quentin Begley, to come down from New York each week-end for mass and confessions. Eventually they secured him a residence in Prospect Hall where students were able to make use of his wise counseling.

A graduate of Liverpool University, Taylor had been invited to Princeton in 1914, made a full professor at age 32, and served as chairman of the department of Chemistry, and dean of the graduate school until his retirement in 1958. A member of the Papal Academy of Sciences, he brought Jacques Maritain to the University after World War II.

On Father Begley's retirement in 1955, another Dominican, Father Hugh Halton was strongly recommended for the chaplaincy. Under his auspices the Aquinas student Center acquired the Thomas Mann Residence on Library Place, and a vigorous apostolate was inaugurated. Pursuing an apologetic critical of secular education *à la* William Buckley's cry "No God at Yale," Halton began a rabid attack on the philosophy department, centering his fire on an avowed atheist, Professor Stace. In sermons, letters and advertisements in the student-run *Daily Princetonian,* he gradually widened his target to include Catholic professors such as McCabe, Taylor and Maritain whom he accused of serving as decoys for poorly instructed Catholic students who were bound to lose their faith at the university.

Sustained by the Bishop of Trenton, and tolerated by Harold Dodds, the university president, Halton was finally banished from the campus in 1957, by Robert Goheen whose wife and family were practicing Catholics. On an appeal to Rome by Maritain, Halton was removed from the chaplaincy at the insistence of the Apostolic Delegate. His polemics had been the source of embarrassment to Catholic students and faculty, and to the Vatican, whose Index of Christian Art was a joint venture with the Princeton Library.

There is little cross-hatching between campus religious activities and the department of religion, which was established in 1938 at the recommendation of a Select Committee to "return religion to the curriculum." Totally independent of the Princeton Seminary that separated from the University in 1811, the new department was recruited from the Yale Divinity School, and at first concentrated on comparative religious studies. Currently its sights have been lifted by Professor Paul Ramsey whose moral evaluations of war, genetic engineering, and ethico-social problems have a Thomistic structure; Gene Outka who represents the newer generation's approach to the Social Gospel; and Malcolm Diamond, the Jewish intellectual with a Christian indoctrination, whose classes

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on the philosophy of religion are intellectually tantalizing. Diamond was instrumental in turning Stevenson Hall, a former Eating Club—Princeton does not have fraternities—into a cultural center in 1968. He has ambivalent feelings about the separatism represented by the Kosher kitchen and Orthodox prayer room that have lately been introduced into that complex.

While there is no integration of religious interests with the general curriculum, the subject is unavoidable in courses dealing with the *litterae humaniores*. In the social sciences, professor Charles Westhoff keeps a busy eye on Catholic population attitudes; in politics, professors Paul Sigmund, Walter Murphy, and Sheldon Wolin pursue medieval and modern papal policies; in English, the Chaucerian scholar, D. W. Robertson, Jr., is accused of calvinizing the medieval Church; and Thomas Roche cultivates Petrarchan and later romantic studies. With the current "catholic" character of religious stirrings on campus, a host of equally competent scholars prod student consciousness in all phases of intellectual endeavor "any different sentiments of religion notwithstanding."

Bernard Murchland

OHIO WESLEYAN

I CAME directly to Ohio Wesleyan from a large state university. My first reaction was one of immediate relief to be free of the fierce competition and impersonality I had experienced at the larger institution. Here, I thought, one could do effective teaching and research without paying a high price in alienation. Ohio Wesleyan was small (about 2500 students and 165 faculty members), firmly in the liberal arts tradition, and enjoyed an enviable reputation among its peer institutions (notably the 12-school consortium that forms the Great Lakes Colleges Association).

It was as well a church-related school. There are over 120 Methodist institutions of higher learning in the country. Many of them have severed (or are in the process of severing) their formal ties with the church. Examples would be Northwestern, University of Southern California, Syracuse, Connecticut Wesleyan and Boston University. But others like Emory, Duke and Southern Methodist remain officially related to the Church. So, too, does Ohio Wesleyan. The two Methodist bishops of Ohio are ex-officio members of the board of trustees and one-third of the total board is nominated by the Church.

Among the other features of the school that indicate its religious tradition are an office of Religious Affairs under the direction of a full-time chaplain, a five-man religion department, sponsorship of a number of lecture series, including the prestigious Merrick lectures which have attracted the best theological minds in the country since 1886, and several religious organizations among the students. Compulsory chapel was abolished in the early sixties (although not without a fight) but faculty meetings, graduation ceremonies and other official functions still open with an invocation. There are atheists on the faculty but a majority are church members. Statistics on the student body are more unreliable but the chaplain's office estimates that about 85 percent of the students come from families that are at least nominally affiliated with some church, about 10 percent are Roman Catholic, another 10 percent are Jewish and the rest from the mainline Protestant sects.

What is the connection between Ohio Wesleyan's religious tradition and the kind of education it offers? Few would care to give an apodictic answer to such a question. Perhaps it would not be too far from the mark to say that the relationship between education and religion here is that their relationship is frequently discussed. For example, in 1962, the university sponsored a conference on The Nature of the Church-related College. Among its conclusions it stated that a church-related college:

—should be a place where the Christian faith may be considered a live option by intelligent persons;

—should be a place where teachers give witness of their convictions and their experience in such a way as to help students adopt similar convictions and desire similar experiences;

—should communicate an informed faith;

—should improve society by educating students to be sensitive to standards of individuality and quality over quantity and the mass values of society.

Ten years later a member of the religion department told a long-range planning committee of the university that: "A church-related college can charge the atmosphere with ultimate questions. It seeks to expose students by various means to the epic ways in which men have struggled to find answers to these issues; and, more importantly, it presses the student, if even by rebellion against its traditional commitment, to fashion the tools by which he will ply his own moral craftmanship in the secular world. It seeks to educate for intellectual excellence and technical competence, yes; but it seeks also to educate for the dimension of depth in human experience, and this is the quite distinctive and unapologetic role of the church-related college."

These and similar ideals are frequently voiced around the campus and are reflected in the University Catalog's statement of aims. There we read that "the Christian religion has always been at the heart of Ohio Wesleyan's

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educational principles . . . [the school] is not narrowly sectarian, but neither is it religiously or ethically neutral. It does deliberately encourage conscious concern over religious and ethical issues."

So much for the ideals. How well do they get translated into reality? A number of my colleagues think a long shadow falls between the rhetoric and what actually goes on in the day-to-day educational process. One history professor told me that Wesleyan is a religious place only in limited ways of no real consequence. The tradition is there, granted. One can always detect traces of its presence. But what real difference does it make? Without the church affiliation the same kind of faculty would be offering the same courses in the same way to the same kind of students.

My own opinion (and I can scarcely offer these remarks as anything else) is that the religious character does make a difference, and that in three ways.

In the first place it favors a climate of openness in which religious questions can be raised and discussed. One feels free in the classroom as well as outside of it to discuss a wide range of such questions, to profess one's belief without fear of the subtle reprisals secular universities so often reserve for such avowals, and in general to urge the position that religion is a necessary dimension of human experience. In a recent lecture Yale's Roland Bainton spoke to a full house on Erasmus and Luther. One week later Jacob Neusner of Brown University delivered three lectures on the history of Judaism to a similar audience. Looking through the course offerings for the current term, I was somewhat surprised to note that there are no less than seven courses in as many departments dealing with some aspect of medieval religious thought. Each term I go through Descartes' proofs for the existence of God in my introductory philosophy courses. The students find his language alien and his arguments less than compelling. Still, they are willing to grant that he is raising an important question of origins, even though they would prefer to discuss it in a different idiom and from a more congenial perspective than medieval logic. But the exercise never fails to generate lively discussion.

One also notices here, and this is my second point, a special sensitivity to ethical and political issues. Ohio Wesleyan is very much in the Social Gospel tradition and faculty political involvement goes all the way back to the abolition movement. In 1844, two years after the school was founded, the Methodist church split into two factions over abolition, with the Ohio Wesleyan faculty in the vanguard of those favoring emancipation. In the twenties a prominent member of the science faculty wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* defending the theory of evolution as the Scopes trial was going on. More recently, a five-man faculty team wrote a proposal for Senior Symposia on Ethics and Careers that has attracted grant moneys. So far as I know this is the only school to have undertaken this kind of initiative. The proposal is based on the premise that students graduating today from institutions of higher learning rarely have the opportunity to consider the ethical dimensions either of their discipline or their future careers. A science major, for example, might graduate without ever having taken a course in ethics. Most majors are in a similar predicament. The proposal takes a stand against "value neutrality" in a liberal arts college and asserts that a church-related institution has a special responsibility to remedy a painful lacuna in the educational fabric. When the plan is implemented all graduating seniors will have participated in one or another of the Symposia.

One is aware here, too, of a cluster of attitudes and values that are difficult to explicate but which nonetheless have an appreciable influence on the school's ethos. Fellowship, community, service are some of the terms used to point to them. There is, for instance, a special regard for the elders on the faculty. Age confers a prestige that is nothing short of tribal. Administrators and faculty committees are sensitive to the personal difficulties of individuals and they weigh moral factors into decisions about retention and promotion. I think it fair to say that one could not advance here on intellectual ability alone (effective teaching, publishing, etc.) and, conversely, one might be retained or promoted with less than average academic ability provided, say, his service to the university community was outstanding or he exemplified the ideals of the school in a particularly effective way. In founding his own school, John Wesley stated: "Let us unite what has so long been separated—education and vital piety." The attitudes and values I speak of have to do with the vital piety part of the formula—a slippery term to be sure but one that embodies concrete if often unspoken realities. At its best vital piety goes hand in hand with a robust humanism; at its worst it veers off into sentimentality and mindlessness. The balance is difficult to maintain.

A third difference has to do with a concept of personhood, particularly with respect to the students. Not only does the faculty (the majority of them anyway) pride themselves on knowing their students well and taking a personal interest in them but in addition, on the side of the administration, there are literally platoons of deans, deanlings, deanlets, counselors and advisors of all kinds to attend to student needs. This reflects a quasi-religious sense of personhood as well as education (in the sense in which Whitehead said all education is religious) and while it necessarily casts the university in the role of *in loco parentis* (which is unavoidable anyway in educating the young), it also does much to diminish the effects of anomie that prevail in the society at large. I find the distinctive mark of the church-related liberal arts college precisely in this sense of personhood: in its refusal to look upon the student as a mere academic consumer and in the importance it attaches to the affective domain of

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feeling, desire, emotion. There is, in a word, a real interest in the whole person. Students who leave here with the experience of having been treated as whole persons have something very real to cherish. Later, as Vergil might say, it will help them greatly to remember it.

It is becoming more and more difficult to maintain this distinctiveness. Wesleyan, like all such schools, is suffering from the triple threat of a shrinking student pool, the incursions of secularism and a galloping careerism that would measure all educational programs by how effectively they enhance job opportunities. It is a time of great insecurity for the independent liberal arts colleges and no one can predict how we will emerge from our present dilemmas. It is possible that few if any of them will survive. This would be regrettable not only because such institutions have made enormous contributions to society in the past but also by reason of the contributions they could yet make in a society that is becoming more mythically impoverished with each passing day. One shudders to think that education will become the sole prerogative of the multi-university. Unrealistic as it may sound, I believe the survival of schools like Ohio Wesleyan lies in some creative reaffirmation of the religious and ethical values that made them great in the past.

As it stands, God and man have more than a nodding acquaintance here. At the same time the ways in which a religious tradition influences an educational philosophy grow increasingly faint.

Sisyphus (cont'd)

have been re-enforced, but the rightness of publishing the afflicted woman's name is violated and the competing claim of a right-of-privacy shrunk thereby.

Corruptions accumulate. Obedience to the organization, public or private, is defined as liberty. Men of good conscience in government increasingly find themselves isolated and overwhelmed and finally acquiesce or, in despair over surviving otherwise, participate in the pillaging or in the carrying-forward of a wrong-headed war. Productivity may increase, but good conscience and self-responsibility shrink. Occasionally, despairing men with proof of illicit goings-on will not subside—or pull the trigger—but will make an anonymous call to Sy Hersh of the *New York Times* or write an anonymous letter to Jack Anderson or hold a furtive meeting in a hash-house with Ralph Nader. Men such as these are becoming the de facto Special Prosecutors of our time.

On occasions when the public clamor compels response, committees of inquiry are established and/or codes of ethics re-affirmed or established. But these simply are akin to the janitor who is too busy mopping up to turn off the tap. The organization of government, for example, is so large that not only, as is commonly acknowledged, are the various agencies unable to carry out effectively their assigned programs—foreign economic assistance or food-stamps for the domestic needy, for example—but conscience, too, becomes a casualty. Anesthetized is individual conscience, defined by some as innate in the sense there exists a moral sense that compels men to act on values beyond their immediate gain. Also nullified is the intuitionist theory of Rousseau and Locke that conscience is a power of discrimination acquired by experience. As for an organization's "conscience," that suffers from analgesia.

Three centuries ago, the churches were deprived of the right to provide guidance to the economic machines. Nor do they today show signs of effectively wishing to provide such guidance. In someone else's words, the churches are authorized to provide help for the economically wounded, but not to direct the main legions.

Tawney writes in his book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, that the new religious creed "which transformed the acquisition of wealth from drudgery or a temptation into a moral duty was the milk of lions."

The milk now curdles. One sits down to each day's newspaper dreading but nevertheless expecting to read about new shadows cast across federal and state governments by their managers and their confederates in state-subsidized "private enterprise."

A member of the Maryland State Legislature recently commented that the stench in the state capitol, Annapolis, was unavoidable but that she, herself, could really do nothing and that, besides, her request for state funds for a worthy school program would doubtlessly be turned aside if she raised a fuss and upset the Governor.

Yet in her tone, as distinct from her words, she conveyed a desire to help in a political house-cleaning. She sounded like the old woman in Shaw's "Man and Superman": ". . . but I am so lonely; and this place is so awful."

SISYPHUS

LARRY RUBIN

SNAPSHOTS

Time is halted long enough for us
To see the way a wing may curve, following
Light, the way a wave unfolds to foam,
The purple shine upon a pigeon's neck,
Caught in the proper slant of sun,
To feel the fountain in the flesh
When the generations start to merge—
To see the oceans that receive it all:
Tourists with one more picture on the roll
Watching as pigeons flutter finally in the Square
Beneath the Doge's throne, in Kodachrome.

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THE SCREEN

When Vittorio De Sica died a few months ago, he had just released a last film which is remarkable because it could easily have been his first film. It has been a quarter of a century since De Sica did his classic work—*Shoeshine*, *The Bicycle Thief*, *Umberto D*—as part of the Neo-Realist movement in Italy. Yet this final film, *A Brief Vacation*, again renews and extends the vision that those Neo-Realist films established as De Sica's own. Whereas most of De Sica's earlier films deal with periods of extreme adversity in their characters' lives, this film is about a period of relative happiness. But this doesn't represent any basic change in De Sica's sentiments. His films have always suggested a sort of two-sidedness to human experience. Often in the earlier films, the only thing that mitigates for us the characters' suffering is the implication that life at its best is not really much different from what it is at its worst. *A Brief Vacation* may show us the other side of the picture, but it is the same picture De Sica had been painting since he began as a director.

The happiness that is experienced by Clara (Florinda Bolkan) in *A Brief Vacation* is a result of her being sent to a sanitarium to recuperate from TB. From the satanic mill where she works wielding, literally, a hose of fire, she is transported to the cool, snowbound world of the northern mountains. At home she is buried alive by the demands her invalid husband, in-laws and children make upon her. But at the sanitarium she finds herself in the company of well-to-do women who befriend her. At home everything is dirty, nothing works, and the weather is always overcast. It is a world almost without light. But in the mountains the light is dazzling, everything is white, and everything works as it should.

As distinct a contrast as the world of the sanitarium presents, however, from the time Clara arrives there life at the sanitarium begins to coincide in odd ways with her life back home. Her last day at her job, for instance, she became so exhausted that she fell asleep over her lunch in the factory commissary and missed getting anything to eat. Her first day in the commissary at the sanitarium, she walks into a scene where a girl at her table is also missing her meal. This time it is done voluntarily and as a romantic gesture—the girl is staging a hunger strike because a doctor she was having an affair with has been transferred—but the very frivolousness of the girl's gesture only makes us more aware of how it compares with Clara's missed meal earlier. Like other things that happen at the sanitarium, this incident seems almost to mock the grim routine of Clara's life back home.

Back home, before she could bring herself to go to the doctor's for her examination, she had to buy some new underwear and a bath at a public spa. But at the sanitarium, when one of her new friends, a model, departs, she leaves behind a whole table of cosmetics and clothes for Clara. Having had to pay for necessities before, Clara is now given luxuries; yet again, by reminding us of her life back home, the gift at the sanitarium becomes more an omen of her return to that life than a diversion from it. The culmination of her new life at the sanitarium is an affair she has with another patient. He is everything her grasping, exploitative husband isn't, but he too is nonetheless an echo of her life back home. She met him the day she went to the doctor's, when she allowed him to buy her coffee until her brother-in-law happened to see them together. And when she rediscovers this man up at the sanitarium, her brother-in-law again becomes an interloper by unexpectedly driving the family up for a visit just as Clara is on her way to meet her lover.

Like her family, the people at the sanitarium ultimately seem to make demands on Clara in ways that also use and even abuse her. When one of her girlfriends tries to kill herself because she can't face her disease, Clara is elected to go see her in the hospital and is drawn into a bitter fight the woman is having with the nuns and doctors. Clara only just returns from that ordeal when the model pleads with her to come along while she sees her boyfriend. The model says she needs moral support to resist the fellow's overtures to leave, but after Clara submits to the embarrassment of this confrontation, her friend at once gives in to the man as if that's what she wanted to do all the time. In the end a doctor who has flirted with Clara and been rejected sees that she is having an affair with someone else, and he immediately declares her cured so that she is banished back to the squalor of her home.

The parallel construction that De Sica put on Clara's story binds her present happiness to her past unhappiness. It makes us see the two as inseparable. The one condition can never escape its association with the other. The parallel construction is also typical of the way De Sica always expressed this sense he had of life. In *Umberto D* there is a moment when Umberto looks out the window of the lodgings from which he is being evicted and contemplates suicide. The camera assumes a point-of-view shot, showing us the street as Umberto sees it, and then suddenly zooms down on the cobblestones below as if Umberto were jumping. But he hasn't jumped, and the next morning when he leaves, as he looks up at his room one last time from the street, the camera again assumes a point-of-view shot. Now the shot inverts what Umberto saw the night before and controverts the finality of what he felt. That matched pair of shots, like all the matched episodes in Clara's story, sustains a kind of momentum in life, a capacity

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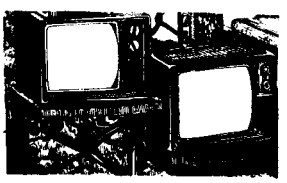
for simple endurance, which seems for De Sica to transcend all other emotions.

All De Sica's great films have been stories of how people either exercise or acquire this capacity to endure, and the reason all his characters have needed such a capacity is that they have all been exiles in life, outsiders who had no choice except to endure hardship. Umberto turned out of his rooms, Antonio turned out of his job in *The Bicycle Thief,* the Finzi-Continis turned out of their garden, Clara turned out of the sanitarium: what they all share is the fate of being dispossessed, disenfranchised, cut off, stranded.

Clara is an outsider in both her own family and the sanitarium where she momentarily escapes from that family. At home, her husband, his brother and his mother all suck the life out of her by their loveless dependence. But at the sanitarium she is from the beginning just as much an outsider, for the whole premise of such a place is that one should want to leave it. All her friends want to do so, but she of course would like to stay. Precisely because of the happiness the sanitarium affords her, Clara is really alienated there as she was at home. The fact is that the only society into which Clara really fits, the only decent company for her to keep, is that of Umberto, Antonio and all the other extraordinary, lonely figures with whom De Sica peopled the screen.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.



NOSTALGIA BINGE

TV

The root meaning of "nostalgia" is "homesickness," and the evidence from the popular arts these days is that we are all getting very homesick. There is, for one thing, a sort of Bicentennial itch in the recent array of nostalgic American novels, films, television shows and popular histories—a search for those American qualities which we remember from our childhood, or remember being told about, and which we have trouble locating now in the streets or in the news. But the tug of the past is not just patriotic; as the crashing sound of broken homes up and down the block grows noisier, and as dozens of old reliable beliefs and institutions turn inside out, the search becomes more desperate. For many people, the only safe thing they can remember is Mom, Dad and Home.

Television has been working in this groove for several years now. Obviously, "The Waltons" and "Little House on the Prairie" are the heavyweights in the nostalgia field, each featuring a solid family unit which holds together each week against attacks from selfishness, prejudice, lack of faith, and, most often, nasty assaults from outside, usually from the modern world, the wickedness of which does not have to be demonstrated to a modern audience. Unfortunately, the pressure of getting this basic scheme organized into a story every week has by now thoroughly dissipated whatever new perceptions these programs once offered. The guilty consciences and generous sacrifices have become routine, and the wistful smiles and soulful looks around the dinner table are beginning to put even the participants to sleep, necessitating larger and uglier grizzly bears or meaner city slickers to threaten the peaceful scene and stir up some action.

CBS has presented two holiday specials, "The House Without a Christmas Tree" in 1972 and "The Thanksgiving Treasure" in 1973 (both have been repeated annually) which are very much in this genre, and will present a third, "The Easter Promise," on Wednesday, March 26. Although these programs by no means escape the traps of the formula, they have been produced with care and comparative intelligence, they are acted by good actors, and they are unabashed in trying to move our emotions with a hint of what it was really like to grow up in Clear River, Nebraska during the 1940s, a place we would all have liked to grow up in, and perhaps imagine we *did* grow up in.

Like "The Waltons," "The Easter Promise" (and its two predecessors) begins with theme music in a vaguely Virgil Thompson mode and a narration—here by a woman, now presumably a successful writer—who looks back on her days as a seventh grader in the small town. As in "The Waltons," the town itself is so wonderful you can taste it, but in this case it is more middle-class and towny: nice old-fashioned houses with porches, spacious lawns, big kitchens and picturesque parlors. Unlike "The Waltons," however, the characters here give the impression of being actual human beings, which is in large measure due to the director, Paul Bogart, and to the actors: Jason Robards as grouchy Dad, Mildred Natwick as saintly Grandma, and Lisa Lucas as the 12-year-old heroine, Addie. These gifted performers, against many odds, simply do not permit the characters to become soupy (although Miss Natwick's challenge is near to overwhelming—she has a staggering amount of peeling, boiling, baking, stirring, basting, tasting and ladling to contend with). Young Miss Lucas, who carries the heaviest burden, is as smart as a whip and cool as a breeze. One believes she will be an artist, as she says; she makes John-Boy Walton look like Rod McKuen.

The story of "The Easter Promise" sounds worse than it is. Into the seventh grade world of pajama parties and peanut butter comes, sure enough, an outsider—Jean Simmons as a glamorous actress from New York who is in Clear River to sell the old family mansion. Addie and her friends are full of brash schemes to involve her in the annual school fashion show; Dad is scornful; Grandma is tolerant. The actress turns out to

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be a failure and something of a drunk. (Like the others in the cast, Jean Simmons transcends the formula. Her close-ups, although often beautiful, are never just flattering; this woman is in trouble.) She makes a spectacle of herself in public, but she is taken to Addie's house where she dries out for a few days and fattens up on Grandma's food. At the end, she goes to church with the whole family, and afterwards the scandalized community relents and smiles at her, a sign that she is welcome again in Clear River.

This sounds dreadful in the retelling, I grant, but the drama is simply done, and one believes that the actress has stretched Addie's horizons—that she has something to offer—and indeed that the two of them have discovered something of consequence in each other which is an Easter awakening for both. Contrast this with a recent "Waltons" which is cut from a similar pattern: A famous woman writer from the big city (very young, glamorous, plastic) comes to town to talk to the schoolkids about literature. John-Boy is immediately dazzled by her insights. Also by something else—he is, one gathers, seduced by her. He wants to go back to the city with her, leaving Walton Mountain behind forever. At the same time, the Walton clan are bustling about in preparation for Mom and Dad's wedding anniversary, at which marriage vows will be renewed. Dad buys Mom a new dress; Mom presents Dad with a sweater made out of scraps from all the old baby sweaters in the house; they moon over—actually can remember—which patch came from whose sweater. The children wander about in large groups—popping in on Grandma and Grandpa in the middle of the night, for example—getting everyone to draw his own picture in what will be a group anniversary present. Needless to say, John-Boy attends the ceremony, is overcome with tenderness (perhaps he recognizes his old sweater), and lets the lady writer go off by herself. It is the kind of thing to give the institution of the family a bad name.

All of these programs trade on the same homesickness, but "The Easter Promise" has at least something genuine knitted into its sentimental yarn: the people themselves. It points up some truth in the harmonicanized nostalgia. We want to remember a time when we were loved, when love circumscribed the world. More important, I think, we want to remember when our own love was strong and unreserved, when our power to love was so enormous that it could solve the whole family's problems, if necessary, and those of a few passing strangers as well, when the power of a child's love could keep the world from breaking apart—or so we thought. It is not the grown-ups, but Addie, the 12-year-old in "The Easter Promise," who is really capable of understanding, of consoling. The adults are stumbling about in hurt and confusion, and the child loves them back to health. We identify, we remember ourselves as being full of love. We are homesick for that.

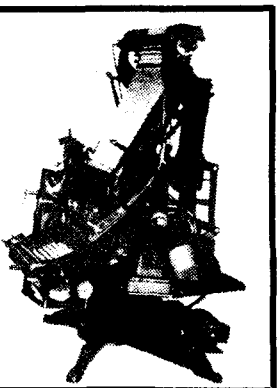
The nostalgia shows are considered "family fare," which means they are for children. But nostalgia, by definition, is felt by those who have lost something, that is, big people. "The Easter Promise," like most TV drama, mixes up the truth with a lot of baloney, but, sitting behind the children, there will be many parents watching the show, looking for something they lost.

MICHAEL MURRAY

PRESS

REPORTING ON NON-REPORTING

THOMAS POWERS



Question: When is a story not a story?

Answer: When the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* decline to treat it as one.

Imagine for a moment, if you can stand it, that a press conference has been called by the Department of Justice. Rumors immediately begin to circulate: violations of constitutional rights by the government are about to be confessed which will make the "White House horrors" of Watergate look innocent by comparison. The appointed hour arrives. The press assembles. The Attorney General of the United States rises to speak. His white brow shines in the fierce glare of the television lights. The cameras begin to whir.

In solemn tones the Attorney General announces that a special committee has informed him that an investigative agency of the government answerable to the President, has secretly carried out acts of sabotage against the legitimate political activities of American citizens. The targets have been both political parties and private individuals. The sabotage has included the forging of documents, the dissemination of false and defamatory information, economic reprisals, legal harassment, the use of anonymous letters, attempts to turn members of political groups against each other, attempts to distort

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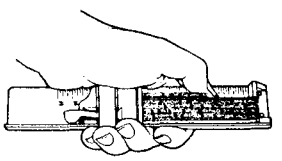
the legal process, false arrest. Furthermore, the Attorney General confesses, this is known to have happened not a score nor even a hundred times, but on no less than 2,370 separate occasions.

Now imagine that three months have gone by. How many of those 2,370 acts of political sabotage have been exposed in detail by the investigative reporters of our free press? The answer, by my count at any rate, is one.

It is hard to believe that so little could have been done with so much by so many who were indefatigable in their pursuit of those responsible for the Watergate break-in, and it is even harder to explain this bored ho-hum by the editors who might have assigned reporters to go after the story. Attorney General William Saxbe's statement last November 18, and the 21-page report which he released at the same time, are both good examples of the opacity of official prose but all the same provide plenty of facts from which reporters might have proceeded. The statement and report outline a 15-year Counter Intelligence Program conducted by the FBI against five categories of domestic political activity: the Communist Party, the Socialist Workers Party, White Hate groups, Black Extremist groups, and the New Left. The first two are legal political parties and the last three are clearly catch-all categories which include not only the Ku Klux Klan and the Black Panthers but activists like Martin Luther King, David Dellinger and Dr. Spock.

The report grudgingly concedes that "some COINTELPRO activities involved isolated instances of practices that can only be considered abhorrent in a free society" but goes on to argue that "the overwhelming bulk of these activities were clearly legitimate and proper undertakings, within the scope of the FBI's ongoing responsibilities. . . ." According to the Justice Department the acts of sabotage were of twelve different sorts but the only one which might conceivably be "legitimate and proper" was Number 4, "Advising local, state and federal authorities of civil and criminal violations by group members." That accounted for approximately 190 instances, leaving 2,180 which it would be hard to defend in detail as anything but illegitimate and improper.

What the report makes public is bad enough. What it leaves out is still worse. There is no mention whatever of illegal wiretaps, break-ins, mail covers or the use of *agents provocateurs*. It is well known, or ought to be by anyone who has been paying attention, that all of these have been common FBI practice. Before 1968, for example, *all* FBI wiretaps (with the arguable exception of foreign intelligence taps, authorized by President Roosevelt at the beginning of World War II) were illegal. Break-ins were a matter of routine between 1941 and 1966, when a



halt was ordered by then-Attorney General Ramsey Clark. The Tom Charles Huston domestic intelligence plan of 1970, in fact, was largely an attempt to resume such illegal activities.

The FBI has never conceded that it uses *provocateurs* but surely provocation is the correct word for category Number 5, "Use of informants to disrupt a group's activities." One of the documents stolen from the FBI office in Media, Pennsylvania, on March 8, 1971 (all of them published in the March, 1972 issue of *WIN Magazine*) says "on the subject of informants, there have been a few instances where security informants in the New Left got carried away during a demonstration, assaulted police, etc." That "etcetera" is a broad admission indeed. New Left activists tell endless stories of *provocateurs* and Don Whitehead's book, *Attack on Terror: The FBI Against the Ku Klux Klan in Mississippi*, provides a long, detailed account of just how the FBI proceeds to "neutralize" one of its targets.

COINTELPRO's stated purpose was to end "threats to domestic order" but in fact the target was dissident political activity, pure and simple. Seymour Hersh's recent disclosure of domestic political spying by the CIA involves much the same sort of thing. In a statement to the Senate Appropriations Intelligence Subcommittee on January 15, the current CIA director William Colby said the agency's domestic operation was authorized by former-director Richard Helms on August 15, 1967, "to look into the possibility of foreign links to American dissident elements." Other readily available information makes it clear that the "dissident elements" were simply people active in their opposition to the war in Vietnam. The CIA never established such "links" but its domestic program was continued until 1973 anyway. In fact, the political activity investigated by the CIA and "disrupted" by the FBI was entirely legal and, in theory at least, protected by the Constitution.

The claim that more than 2,000 FBI attempts at sabotage were "legitimate and proper" is breathtaking in its presumption. What is "legitimate and proper" about trying to disrupt a legal demonstration against the war in Vietnam? What is "legitimate and proper" about attempts to have opponents of the war fired from their jobs, expelled from their schools, denied loans by banks? What is "legitimate and proper" about forging letters in order to arouse suspicion and bitterness between political groups engaging in entirely legal activity? No one has argued that the famous "Canuck" letter was legitimate and proper, or that it was legitimate and proper to hand out forged campaign releases during the Florida primary in 1972, or that it was legitimate and proper to tap Larry O'Brien's phone. It was actions of precisely this sort which were systematically directed against New Left and other activists. The best way to determine the legitimacy and propriety of these actions is to ask how many would have been tolerated if directed by a Republican President against his Democratic opponents. I am sure the Democrats, and I hope

THOMAS POWERS, *1971 Pulitzer Prize recipient and author of* The War at Home *(Grossman), contributes a regular column to these pages.*

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the Republicans, would say none.

The one instance of this activity so far reported in detail ought to make us curious about the rest. A story by Nicholas Horrock in the *New York Times* of January 29 (and followed up by Howard Armstrong in the *Post* on February 3) reports that the FBI sent five copies of an anonymous letter to members of an academic committee at Arizona State University in 1970 attacking an associate professor in philosophy, Dr. Morris Starsky. The FBI had been keeping an eye on Starsky at least since May, 1968, when an agent in the Phoenix office informed J. Edgar Hoover that "New Left organizations and activities in the Phoenix metropolitan area have received their inspiration and leadership . . . chiefly" from Starsky.

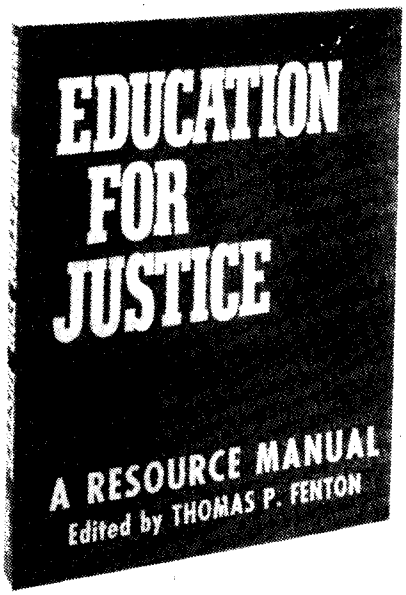
In July, 1968, the agency said Starsky's removal "could be expected to disrupt New Left organizations. . . ." The FBI granted the agent official permission to mail the letters in April, 1970, and Starsky was subsequently fired. In June a different FBI agent reported that "New Left activities in the Phoenix division are largely dormant at the present time. . . ."

This incident seems to fall into category six of the FBI's sabotage program, "Informing employers, credit bureaus and creditors of members' activities." The Justice Department said actions of this sort were taken in at least 43 instances. One wonders if the remaining 42, still secret, were any more "legitimate and proper" than the attempt to fire Starsky.

In describing the FBI's COINTELPRO the Justice Department provided no names or identifying detail, and it is not hard to see why. It took gall enough to defend "the overwhelming bulk of these activities" when they were disguised as anonymous statistics. Brought to life in detail they would not only bury the Justice Department in civil suits, but would reveal the COINTELPRO for what it was: a broad, systematic and secret attempt to dictate the terms of American political debate by "neutralizing" people who were outside the mainstream. It would not be hard to find out what the FBI was doing, although it would be time-consuming and expensive, just as the Watergate investigations were time-consuming and expensive. One has only to ask the victims, just as one could have learned of the secret bombing of Cambodia by asking the victims. They may not know everything, but they know plenty. But so far no major newspaper has made the attempt.

The explanation of this odd indifference lies at the heart of much that is wrong with American journalism. The problem is not that reporters or their employers are pusillanimous or venal, but that they are themselves members of the mainstream and share its assumptions. They were slow to grasp what was going on in the early days of the civil rights movement, slow to grasp what we were doing in Vietnam, slow to grasp that Watergate was not simply a "third-rate burglary," and they have not yet grasped that the FBI, however many stolen cars it may recover, is primarily a political police. In practice, if not in theory, the press has been willing to accept the FBI's classification of its targets—White Hate groups, Black Extremist groups, New Left groups—as special exceptions not fully covered by the Bill of Rights. One break-in at the Democratic National Committee brought the roof down; 2,370 separate acts by the FBI against "dissidents" have elicited editorial tongue-clucking and little else.

I know I may sound wrong-headed and perverse here, after two solid years of Watergate reporting in which the press was hardly timid, once it got going. But even then reporters paid more attention to Mr. Nixon's taxes than they did to his bombing of Cambodia, just as the current controversy over domestic spying by the CIA seems to center on the fact the CIA *violated its charter!* while accepting at close to face value the agency's justification for investigating "dissident elements" in the first place. It strikes me as pretty late in the day to be explaining what a "slippery slope" is, and yet the press still fails to see that the only thing unique about Watergate, was the target.



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PAUL GOODMAN, POET

TODD GITLIN

Paul Goodman: Collected Poems

TAYLOR STOEHR, ed.
With a Memoir by George Dennison

Random House, $12.50

Paul Goodman as poet was widely condemned by poets and critics (most scurrilously by Norman Mailer in *Armies of the Night*), yet he thought of himself to the end as "a man of letters, primarily a poet." What are we to make of this? I think the fact is that Goodman had a different conception of poetry from the prevailing one. Poetry for him, especially in his later years, was the art of having nothing much to say and saying it well, or at least interestingly, or at least saying it. Of course, he often had a great deal to say: "The Lordly Hudson," for example, is a classic (though curiously and, to me, disconcertingly revised by Goodman for this posthumous collection); "Figures of Giacometti," "Bread and Wine" and "At the San Remo Bar" are moving and successful experiments in form; and these lines:

> It must be because she was so old
> and soldierly, and in her way
> quite perfect,
> quite perfect, she was in her way
> quite perfect,
> and therefore she is in her way
> quite perfect.

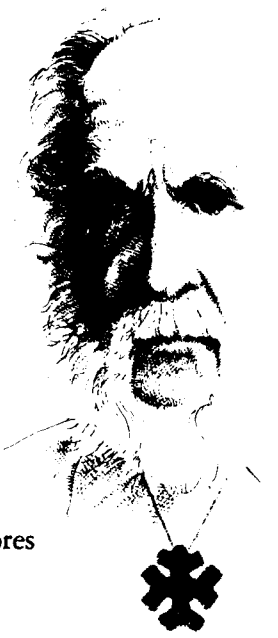
Some of his aphorisms work beautifully:

> I willingly work with true propositions
> to hack like wood, I don't like clay.
> A platitude is true when Goethe says it,
> it lies like iron on the page.

His laments for America and his sense of exile in it helped set the tone for an entire generation of younger poets. His love of the colloquial—even to the point of pig-headed pidgin—ushered in the possibility of a poetry of ballad proportions, which pays its dues to tradition and yet may be spoken in a modest everyday voice. (In this he had a good deal in common with Bob Dylan, though of course more erudite-ly and less musically.)

Goodman respected very few conventions. He believed in plain speech, and his most interesting poems have the virtue of a slightly off-center bluntness, the astonishment of something that can only be recognized as common sense. At their worst, though,

"Where are we going, along this road we have been following for so long without once asking where it leads?
"Some have taken it to seek fortune, some to drive away care, some to seek out knowledge, and some in order to go home.
"We are going to do all these things at the same time: We are going to return to the obvious."
On Love: "Love is the passion that burns and destroys everything; the action that creates and saves everything."
On Silence: "Be silent much in order to have something to say worth hearing. But again be silent to hear yourself."



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their bluntness is simply crude. To put it another way, his ideas for poems were often better than the poems themselves. Rather than beautifying the ugly, he tended to uglify the beautiful. Often this had the effect of cramp, a cramp the poetry was written to dispel and ended up prolonging. He repeated himself terribly—and feared this, as did Picasso, whom he admired—and his prosy poems are tedious indeed, especially in their self-pity. If this is poetry, one might ask, with Mailer, who needs prose?

Goodman, of course, himself needed prose, and wrote over thirty extraordinary books of it. Yet when it came to representing his daily consciousness in an occasional form, he chose to write what he called poems, spaced and paced something like poems. "The best thing in them," he said of his first collection, *The Lordly Hudson*, "is their attitude, the proof that a man can still experience his life in this way. I have not tried much for individual beautiful poems—though I think I have occasionally hit one by luck—but I am more satisfied with the whole than with the parts." (He might have said, with Whitman, "This is no book/Who touches this, touches a man." This is, of course, bad form, in today's academies and anti-academies.) Poetry-as-life-chronicle was his conception, and I think the sad thing is that he was forced to it—forced to too many ugly poems—in part because our culture does not approve of short, informal prose pieces. As epigrammatist and diarist he was in the league of Pascal, Nietzsche, and Camus. Had he been French, he might have written prose-paragraphs in the manner of René Char or Paul Eluard, and would not have been taken to task as a bad poet. But the culturally approved forms have their weight, and deadweight, even for someone as rambunctious as Paul Goodman. Forced off the reservation, he had to—in one of his own favorite phrases—"make do" in a form that some people, at least, might read.

His last, previously unpublished poems were written under clouds: his son's death, his heart condition, his disenchantment with the young, and, as always, the condition of his belovedly loathed America. Their monotony is depressing, their formal awkwardness less lively than the earlier gracelessness, yet for all that he still made much sense, and he could still be playful, as in "Hallowe'en 1969":

> O goblin with your yellow fiery eyes
> and jagged mouth that frightened me to carve,
> glaring out of our window at the street,
> protect us from the candidates for mayor.

That Paul Goodman could not, as either poet or citizen, transcend for long the stasis of Nixonian America is a terrible judgment: not on him, but on what he liked to call "my world my only one." I am reminded—if this is not too extravagant—of some of Engels' remarks on Goethe: "Even Goethe was unable to overcome the wretchedness of German life; on the contrary, it overcame him, and this victory over the greatest German is the best proof that it cannot be conquered by the individual. Goethe was too universal, too active a nature, too fleshly to seek escape from this wretchedness in a flight, like Schiller's, to the Kantian ideal; he was too sharp-sighted not to see how this flight finally reduced itself to the exchange of a commonplace for a transcendental misery. His temperament, his energies, his whole spiritual tendency directed him toward practical life (one of Goodman's favorite words was "practical"), and the practical life that he met was miserable. In this dilemma—to exist in a sphere of life that he must despise, and yet be fettered to this sphere, as the only one in which he could fulfill himself—in this dilemma Goethe continually found himself. . . ." Goodman's political response was different from Goethe's, but he faced the same dilemma; and not knowing what else to do, at the end, he wrote more poems, in order—again, along with Picasso—to be able to write the next; and, I suppose, not knowing what else to do with them, he published them. If many

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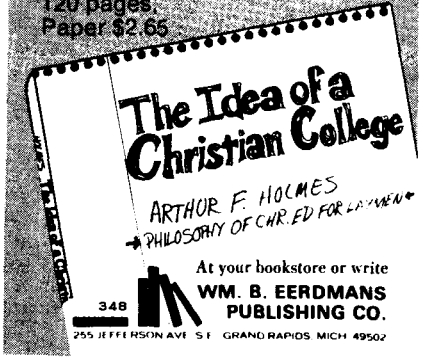

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of his choices were, I think, wrong, if he mucked around where he might have worked harder or kept silent, at least he made, once again, a book in which one could recognize a life: a book one could learn from, not simply admire. He wrote in *Growing Up Absurd*: "Let me formulate the artistic disposition as follows: it is reacting with one's ideal to the flaw in oneself and in the world, and somehow making that reaction formation solid enough in the medium so that it indeed becomes an improved bit of real world for others." He did this often enough to be remembered as a poet, and too well to be embalmed for study.

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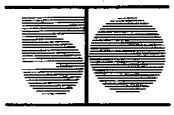

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CHARLES E. CURRAN

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PAUL RAMSEY

So what's *new?* Seven essays on a variety of subjects already published as articles or chapters in 1972 and 1973 brought together in a single volume today? However, initial disappointment encouraged perhaps by the title or by one's own holistic attitude toward books tends to vanish as one reads, passing from the general to the particular. The three final chapters are, in this reviewer's opinion, significant treatises indeed.

These deal with "Abortion: Its Legal and Moral Aspects in Catholic Theology," "Sterilization: Exposition, Critique and Refutation of Past Teaching" and "Divorce: Catholic Theory and Practice in the United States," the last named heretofore available only in *Recherches de Science Religieuse*. The author, who is a diocesan priest and professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America, moves his arguments along with care and with vigor. One sees the significance of these issues *within* a line of conceptual reasoning and not simply, pastorally, between the lines or beyond them.

The chapter on abortion makes clear that throughout the history of a Christian people there has been ongoing discussion about two questions—when does human life begin? and what goods are morally equivalent to a human life in cases of unavoidable conflict?—and not about the first alone. In the course of those searching inquiries, conclusions were drawn against a generally Christian background or upon such premises. The difficulty facing any renewal of that tradition of ethical reflection in our day, I would observe, is that those even within the church who would continue a flexible search for answers too often do so upon premises other than Christian while those who from reaction and with foreboding would freeze discussion have at least this virtue, namely, that their answers at least were once Christian and the conclusions of a Christian community.

The chapter on marriage and divorce I found particularly informative and rewarding. With steady pace and unhurried chase, and with sympathy, Curran shows the weaknesses in positions in the recent literature that have not gone to the heart of the matter and challenged the teaching about the indissolubility of marriage. Again I would observe that it is one thing to make that challenge in a church in which that has long been the accepted teaching; quite another in churches where it has never been so, or along the fringes of the Catholic Church where dissolubility is today readily accepted for worldly reasons. In these chapters, Curran maintains a balanced view, and strives to adhere to his own standard: "to be as accurate as possible in these matters."

Aside from the argumentation, I ought also to say that strength and depth and relevance accrue from the fact that Curran is a churchman doing church-ethics in and for the church. I know no more hard-pressed ethicians today than Roman Catholics who in addition to their tasks at their scholars' desks have also innumerable priests' conferences and lay education laid upon them in a church in turmoil (one can not yet say on pilgrimage, except *sola fide*—which is of limited help to Curran). From such devotion there really should be some rewards to the moralist as journeyman and scholar. I believe there are, in the verve and urgency with which in these essays moral notions are pressed for the truth they may contain.

The volume opens with two chapters most general in nature. The first, "Catholic Moral Theology Today," was Curran's presidential address before the American Society of Christian

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Ethics. Before a largely non-Catholic audience he stressed "convergencies," and it almost seemed that the future, no way the past or present realities, holds the truth we seek. The second, "The Stance [the theological basis or perspectives] of Moral Theology," delivered before a largely Catholic audience at Villanova University, stressed the "divergencies" of Protestant and Catholic motifs. That's about par for the rhetoric. I find nothing especially remarkable in Curran's organization of the theological system (creation, sin, incarnation, redemption and resurrection destiny) and therefore of our systematic understanding of morality. Moreover there is not here the boldness or the *concentration* of theological knowledge such as is evident in his consideration of special moral questions. Those theological motifs in their unorganized plurality seem rather designed to foster indefinitely variable stresses in morality.

Some years ago the present reviewer published a little book that asked *Who Speaks for the Church?* My answer was, generally speaking, Nobody, because we do not in the modern period seek together to be *the church speaking* or resolve to say no more than that warrants. In a middle chapter of this volume, entitled "Theological Reflections on the Social Mission and Teaching of the Church," Curran asks that same question. His answer is, generally speaking, Everybody. That includes not only the magisterial unhierarchy *vs* the hierarchical magisterium (the problem of dissent within the church) but much more besides. "What is available to the Christian is also available to the non-Christian"; there is no "specially Christian difference especially in the area of actions and plans for society." That, I suggest, answers the question as I did: Nobody. In the main, however, Curran does not reach or fully discuss those outer limits here. Instead he offers a sober treatment of the mission *and the limits* of the church's social teachings.

On the subordinate and ever recurring theme, the legitimacy of dissent within the church, I can only say that as a Protestant I got there "fustest" with the "mostest" pluralism. So what's so special about that? Or proven good? Curran waxes deterministic about it: "the incipient pluralism," he writes, "will only become more evident in the years to come"; and, "whether one likes it or not, it will be impossible to change the present directions in Catholic moral theology." Let us therefore hope that those "directions" are every one "not infallible" teachings at least (in the strong sense that used to be given that expression).

Finally in this middle section there is a chapter on "The Radical Catholic; Social Ethics of Paul Hanly Furfey." For three decades Furfey was the primary theoretician of American Catholic radicalism, actualized for example in the Catholic Worker movement. He was no "Right Reverend New Dealer"; yet it would appear he was more Catholic than many a liberal in the '30s. I came to a reading of this chapter blissfully ignorant of this important movement in American religious history, and found Curran's exposition exciting and his theological evaluations appreciative and sound.

If I may conclude with a mischievous remark, perhaps the average reader of *Commonweal* (if I know the type) would profit most (as I did) from reading this account of the life and thought of Paul Furfey. He was on his

REVIEWERS

TODD GITLIN, whose articles on literature and society have appeared in the *NY Times, Village Voice, Ramparts* and other periodicals, teaches politics and literature at the New College of California State University, San Jose. His latest book of poetry is *Busy Being Born: Poems for Survivors of the Sixties* (Straight Arrow Books).

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way to the kingdom of God and therefore deeper into his church, not on his way to some humanized kingdom and therefore, sooner or later, away from the *corpus Christi*. In recent Protestant experience, Reinhold Niebuhr's movement to the "right" theologically was a necessary condition of his movement to the "left" as a critic of the social order. I do not know the equivalent of this double movement for the Roman Catholic. But it does seem clear that, whether Furfey was right or not, dissent from the immediate ecclesial past is a pretty sorry test for being a Christian or a radical (whichever is preferred).

Aldous Huxley: A Biography

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JEFFREY MEYERS

Aldous Huxley, descended on his mother's side from the educator, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the poet Matthew Arnold, and on his father's side from the biologist Thomas Henry Huxley, was born into that small but potent intellectual aristocracy which had a profound effect on the cultural life of Victorian England. Though Huxley was deeply affected by three shocking tragedies in his early years, he was nevertheless able to carry on in the distinguished tradition of his family.

When Aldous was 12 his mother, an extremely sympathetic woman who had founded a successful progressive school, died suddenly at the age of 45. At 16 (when he was already 6′ 4″) he was stricken by almost total blindness for eighteen months, and though he gradually recovered his vision, it remained (like Joyce's) radically defective for the rest of his life. He had been cut off from his mother in adolescence, and blindness cut him off from his friends, his pursuits and his education at Eton. But with a characteristic determination he quickly learned Braille, typing and music, and entered Balliol College right on schedule. Four years later, while Huxley was an undergraduate at Oxford, his older brother Trevenen hanged himself after a mental breakdown.

These horrible experiences both shattered and strengthened Huxley. They led directly to his subsequent dread of coming close to uncovered emotion, and his inability to cope with profound feelings or to express them in his creative works. This was his greatest weakness both in life and in art. But these tragedies also fortified Huxley by allowing him to draw on his considerable reserves of pride and courage, so that he could overcome his physical disabilities and realize his full potential as a writer.

During the war years Huxley became part of Lady Ottoline Morrell's brilliant circle of artists and writers at Garsington, near Oxford, which complemented his formidable though rather rigid Huxley-Arnold inheritance by widening his moral, aesthetic and sensual horizons and by introducing him to Maria Nys, a Belgian refugee, who became his devoted wife in 1919. (Huxley was more fortunate than her sister's rejected suitor who shot himself in the family drawing room. When her astonished father exclaimed, "This is inconceivable," the expiring lover insisted: "Monsieur, it *is* conceivable.")

After Oxford, Huxley taught at Eton, where George Orwell was one of his pupils, but they did not, unfortunately, record their early impressions of each other. Huxley published a few volumes of poetry, did a great deal of book, theater and music criticism, and made his professional breakthrough in 1923 when he signed the first of a series of contracts with Chatto & Windus to write six books in three years against an advance of £500 per annum. The compulsion to produce books at a rapid rate and his distaste for "the mere business of telling a story"—he preferred "a discussion and fictional illustration of different views of life"—help to account for the thinness of plot and character, and the liveliness of ideas, in his early novels. Fortunately, he wrote easily and well; *Chrome Yellow*, his Garsington *roman à clef*, and *Antic Hay*, were each com-

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pleted in two months and immediately established his reputation.

In the early 1920s the Huxleys and their young son Matthew lived in Italy and France; and between books they loved to motor through Europe in vintage cars whose habits, they claimed, were "as regular as those of Immanuel Kant." Maria became an expert driver and adequate typist, and learned to create an emotional and domestic atmosphere in which Huxley could do his work in peace. "I was a steady one, and I could sense that I would be entirely devoted to his service for the rest of our lives." She believed artists and writers needed experience, variety and distractions; and she consented to, condoned and even encouraged her husband's numerous though ephemeral love affairs. "How much nicer—and wiser," Maria explained to her sister, "not to make a fuss, to consent, not hinder; not to break one's heart." Sybille Bedford calls Huxley's first liaison, with the bohemian-rebel Nancy Cunard, a "flight beyond Maria's serene Latin sensuality," but this phrase is misleading. For one gets the impression that Huxley's *Flemish* wife, who was terribly thin and suffered from migraines and miscarriages, was passive and unresponsive rather than sensual and Latin.

When Maria learned she was dying of cancer in 1955 she insisted: "It would be wrong of me to die before Aldous—I should have failed in my duty to him." But when Huxley was asked if he were worried by her symptoms he replied lightly: "Oh no, it is not at all serious." He comforted Maria's last hours by reading from the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Bedford's attempt to justify Huxley's behavior, rather than to explain what was wrong with their marriage and to clarify his callous indifference and almost inhuman detachment from his wife's feelings, suggests a radical defect in the biography.

For Bedford, who was a close friend of the Huxleys for thirty years and features as a major character in this biography, is both too close to her subject and yet not close enough. She

SPRING 1975

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provides considerable gossip and an excess of trivial detail, but she is not sufficiently analytical and retains a childlike tendency to worship the idol rather than to reveal the inner man. This weakness is manifested not only in her description of their Griselda-Lothario marriage, but also in her fragmentary chapters on Huxley's books —potted summaries rather than critical evaluations—and on his friendships, particularly with Frieda and D. H. Lawrence whose marriage was the antithesis of the Huxleys'.

There is a great deal of quotation from Huxley's and Lawrence's letters to and about each other (in 1932 Huxley edited the first and still the best collection of Lawrence's letters), but no real sense of what bound these extraordinary friends, who represented two very distinct modes of experience in their novels. (One cannot imagine Lawrence writing Hollywood film scripts or Huxley attempting to found a Utopian colony on the slopes of the Andes.) Huxley said he admired Lawrence's *happiness*, "the way he perceived the world—so intense, and exciting"; and though Lawrence disliked Huxley's cool rationality he responded to Huxley's kindness and generosity, curiosity and breadth of knowledge.

Like Lawrence before him, Huxley moved to America in 1938. He did a great deal of work on films and on stage adaptations of his own books and, like Henry James, craved yet failed to achieve theatrical success. Life in California had a peculiar influence on his thought and helped transform Huxley from the rational and witty satirist to the crankish and sometimes boring mystic who dabbled in everything from vegetarianism and Vedanta to mesmerism and mescalin. During one of his notorious drug experiences he exclaimed: "This is how one ought to see, this is how things really are." When I heard him lecture in Ann Arbor in 1959, he was obsessed by chickens with electrodes stuck in their brains and never once mentioned literature.

Huxley's will to work was intense, and when he was too weak to type his last article on "Shakespeare and Religion," he tried to write it out and finally dictated the conclusion. He died two days later, a few hours after John Kennedy was assassinated, and in the emotional and political chaos his death was scarcely noticed. Despite his limitations, Huxley's achievement as a novelist, essayist, travel writer, historian, biographer, philosopher and psychologist was impressive. Cyril Connolly praised his "sublimated sexuality, intellectual pity and spiritual grace," for in Huxley, as the novelist L. P. Hartley observed, "Culture had found a mortal envelope worthy of itself."

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 5)

ticians whose only concerns were their own futures and not the lofty concerns that we took so seriously.

However, the newfound sense of commitment and militancy that Mr. Aman described seems to have turned sour, at least for some, since those cold November days during the strike. In its place is a new found skepticism.

One of the crucial issues raised before returning to work was that of possible reprisals against striking teachers. Governor Byrne himself agreed to compensation for made-up teaching time. After the various college presidents proposed a policy for make-up time that was punitive in its design, and after the union rejected it, a compromise was finally reached. In the two weeks before final exams, many professors spent anywhere from five to twenty extra hours with an already heavy teaching load, to see to it that their students received the class time they were entitled to.

To this day in late February, no compensation has been received for any of the made-up time. The Payroll Office and the Office of the Vice-President for Academic Affairs at Montclair explain that a list of names and approved hours is sitting on Governor Byrne's desk waiting for *his* approval—though it was his agreement that originally set the plan in motion. He agreed to help us,

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if *we* helped *him* get an income tax passed in New Jersey.

As for the negotiations that we struck for, they produced nothing but a freeze on all salaries, including even the normal service increment granted annually to all college faculty.

As a result, I for one, now have a deep sense of having been used, and a sense of skepticism, quite different from the idealism and commitment I felt during the strike.

ALICE F. FREED
Assistant Professor of Linguistics,
Montclair State College

Abortion Postscript

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In her letter on Father Joseph O'Rourke [Jan. 17], Joan Harrison made three statements that are historically and theologically incorrect, and should, in the interest of accuracy, be corrected:

1. At no time from the 12th to the 19th century did the Church ever permit abortion. The question of "ensoulment" turned on the point whether abortion was, in addition to being a sin of contraception, also a sin of murder.

2. The Church always opposed abortion. See for example the writings of the Patristic Fathers and the early regional councils before the First Ecumenical Council at Nicea.

3. The teaching is "de fide." That is why the Church excommunicates the sinner and that is why the Second Vatican Council labelled it an unspeakable crime.

TIMOTHY A. MITCHELL
Editor, *Pro Ecclesia*

Papal Blessing

York, Pa.

To the Editors: The author of the editorial "Pope and Church—1975" [Jan. 3] makes mention of the Pope's "ever-dwindling constituency," referring to him as a "harried worrier rather than a source of strength and hope." There is no doubt in my mind that the writer resides in the "dwindling constituency" camp. His negative projection of the Bishop of Rome is neither factual nor forceful—merely flip.

Our modern writer castigates Pope Paul's advisers for not reminding him that "true moral authority has nothing to fear from historical change and that false ideas are seldom fought well by laments or decrees." The writer neglects to refresh his own historical background for he seems unaware that Pope Paul's chief adviser is the Holy Spirit, flanked by two equally wise Persons, the Father and the Son.

For many of us Catholics, the errors which Pope Paul has made seem minute compared to our own momentous blunders. We do, we shall revere him as our Holy Father, the Bishop of Rome, the Visible Head of the Church. *Vive le Pape!*

SISTER ST. GERVASE, S.S.J.

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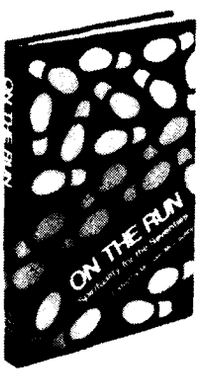
Spirituality for the Seventies
Edited by Michael McCauley



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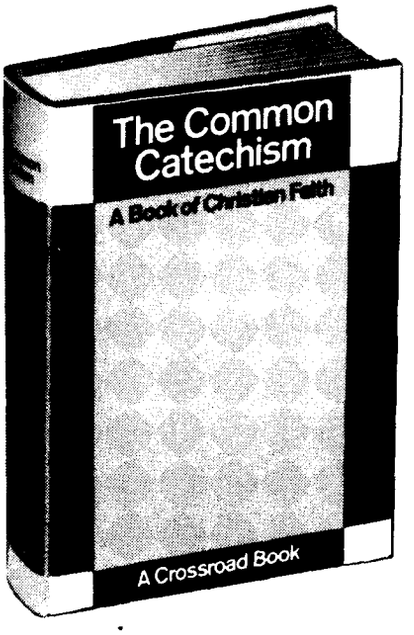

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